JUL 27 '51

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY GREENEVILLE TENN
SR 9/29/51R 40-7-22

TWENTY CENTS JULY 28, 1951

Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TURNTABLE TALK WITH ARTHUR HADDY

By IRVING KOLODIN

A. L. Rowse, author of "The England of Elizabeth." (See page 8)

Democracy's True Religion

By H. M. KALLEN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why? How? What Next?

Answers to the WHO, WHAT, WHEN and WHERE of the world situation are in your daily newspaper and on the radio and television.

Answers to WHY, HOW and WHAT NEXT are in the volumes on your bookstore's many shelves.

You will find the news in newspapers and on the air, but the background is in books.

You must read books to understand today's world!

VISIT YOUR BOOKSELLER OFTEN—
BOOKS WILL GIVE YOU UNDERSTANDING!

GIVE-A-BOOK CERTIFICATE
AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION
MEMBER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Key to 10 Years of Secrecy in our China Policy

THE CHINA STORY

by Freda Utley

● To understand the events that cost America the traditional friendship of China and Korea . . . that led to war in Korea and participation in the war by the mainland Chinese . . . read Freda Utley's CHINA STORY, the only book discussed in the joint investigation into China policy.

A seasoned, on-the-spot reporter, Miss Utley in *China Story* gives the record of Communist influence in the making of our foreign policy, presents the painful facts about how the Administration withheld military aid from Chiang Kai-shek, shows how sections of the press and advisers like Owen Lattimore moulded public opinion to their own ends! She tells the real results of the Marshall Mission, the *Amerasia* case, the Tydings investigation, the McCarthy charges and the suppressed Wedemeyer report!

Every open-minded American should know the *truth* about China. **$3.50**

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT

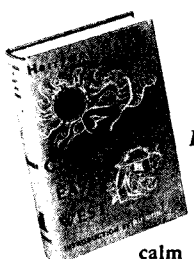
"I feel that every thinking American interested in the Far Eastern Policy of the United States should read *The China Story*."
—*DAVID N. ROWE, Prof. of Political Science, Yale University*

". . . a tellingly documented account of the errors and confusion which lost the U.S. its last chance to save free China."—*TIME*

"Since this is her answer to Owen Lattimore's *Ordeal by Slander*, it must in all fairness be read by those who have read that volume." —*NEW YORK TIMES*

"It is our *best book* on the Chinese-Korean situation." —*LOS ANGELES TIMES*

In the Interests of Peace in Asia



COLLISION of EAST and WEST

By Herrymon Maurer, with Introduction by Hu Shih

Presents in a clear, calm manner the important cultural differences and failures in understanding that resulted in the complete rupture of East-West relations. Mr. Maurer's analysis reaches back to the times of Confucius and encompasses Japan and Korea as well as China. A beautifully written, fascinating book well worth reading. **$4.50**

At Your Bookstore, or Write To:

HENRY REGNERY COMPANY
20 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois

This Week

July 28, 1951

Cover Drawing by Arno

Articles

Page

DEMOCRACY'S TRUE RELIGION
By H. M. Kallen..... 6

TIME, SPACE & LITERATURE
By Fletcher Pratt.....16

SRL RECORDINGS FOR AUGUST.....35

Reviews

THE ENGLAND OF ELIZABETH
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly..... 8

THE AGE OF ELEGANCE
Reviewed by Frederick B. Artz..... 9

INDEPENDENT MEMBER
Reviewed by Crane Brinton.....10

THE EMIGRANTS
Reviewed by Harrison Smith.....11

SOUTHERN TERRITORY
Reviewed by George F. Scheer.....12

THE IRON MISTRESS
Reviewed by Carl Victor Little.....13

YANGTSE INCIDENT
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt.....14

THE GUESTS OF SUMMER
Reviewed by Nathan L. Rothman.....14

THE MUSICAL EXPERIENCE
Reviewed by Jacques Barzun.....18

THREE-QUARTER TIME
Reviewed by H. E. Jacob.....19

MUSICAL FORM
Reviewed by Arthur Berger.....39

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

LITERARY I.Q.....12

LITERARY CRYPT.....19

EDITORIAL 20

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....22

MUSIC TO MY EARS
By Irving Kolodin.....23

SRL GOES TO THE MOVIES
By Arthur Knight.....24

TV AND RADIO
By Robert Lewis Shayon.....26

THE FILM FORUM
By Cecile Starr.....28

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 905.....33

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXIV, No. 30, July 28, 1951. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1951 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

In the SRL Fletcher Pratt guides you to the best in Science Fiction

Read what he says about:

JOHN Wyndham

THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS

"*Probably the best-written book in the current batch . . . Not only a very good story in its own right, but also a highly-pointed allegory . . .*" The story of the day humanity went blind and the triffids—man-killing plants that walked—took over! $2.50

RAY Bradbury

THE ILLUSTRATED MAN

New stories by the author of *The Martian Chronicles . . . "Deserves special attention . . . because it contains at least four really first-class stories, memorable not only for the ideas they embody, but also for their legitimate human values."* $2.75

L. SPRAGUE de Camp

ROGUE QUEEN

"*Marked by the usual de Camp specialties of rapid, interesting action, complete interior logic, and flashes of humor.*" . . . The human impact on the bee-like culture of a race of egg-laying humanoids. Just out, $2.75

DOUBLEDAY SCIENCE FICTION

At all booksellers, or postpaid from Doubleday, Dept. SRL 7, Garden City, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

LAUGHTER INCORPORATED

IN WASHINGTON Mrs. Frank Pace, Jr., wife of the Secretary of the Army, recently pointed out that her husband's close association with the President and other responsible men in Government provided an excellent opportunity to give their young daughters a first-hand lesson on current events. "It is important that even the children know as much as possible these days about the tensions and problems that beset the world," urged Mrs. Pace. Frank agreed that there was great merit in his wife's proposal, and forthwith summoned his two young daughters, Paula and Priscilla, for lesson number one. The two girls were completely absorbed in his discourse. At its conclusion he asked if they had understood everything he had told them. The older daughter nodded yes. The younger—about six—admitted that one thing was bothering her very much. "Out with it," said Pace. "What is it you don't understand?" "Tell me, Daddy," she begged, "is President Truman a boy or a girl?"

BACK IN THE STONE AGE a prehistoric bully sneered at a puny tribesman, "Stop sneaking off to your cave and come out and fight." "Okay," said the lightweight, "but wait till I get a little boulder." . . . Frank Brookhauser vows that the chairman of a doctors' conclave in Philadelphia declared on the platform, "You now have heard the motion. All in favor say 'ah.'" . . . Colonel Duffy defines "The Great Beyond" as "that in which many folks are living their income." . . . A Hindu philosopher avers, "Imagination is given to man to compensate for what he is not; a sense of humor is provided to console him for what he is." . . . An Indian petitioned the judge of an Arizona court to give him a shorter name. "What is it now?" asked the judge. "Chief Screeching-Train-Whistle," said the Indian. "And what do you want to shorten it to?" pursued the judge. The Indian folded his arms majestically and grunted, "Toots." . . . Near the conclusion of World War Two, recalls John Pericola, a jeepload of Tito's soldiers were speeding along a sketchy winding road in the Yugoslavian mountain country. Rounding a curve at high speed the jeep plowed into an oxcart filled with natives. After the crash they had the devil's own time separating the jeep from the Croats. . . . And Dick Hyman recalls the lass who opened a doughnut stand at an airport. She served 'em right out of the frying pan into the flyers. . . . "Daughter," observed a careful father, "that young man who's been walking you through the park strikes me as exceedingly unpolished." "Father," answered the girl. "I'll string along with you to this extent: he's certainly a little rough around the hedges."

PAUL FRANZENBURG, JR., of Conrad, Iowa, sends me the story of the staid Quaker gentleman who was beset by a band of rowdy neighbors and acquaintances. Having been in their cups for a time they were determined to have the Quaker also indulge and urged him by every means at their command to place the jug to his lips and imbibe the fiery brew. He was just as determined to keep his record unsullied. Finally the rowdies lost patience, set him down on his back, forced a funnel into his mouth, and poured the liquor down his gullet. As he finally regained his footing he was asked, "Now will you take a drink like a gentleman when you're asked?" Loud and clear rang the Quaker's fearless cry: "Never!" he shouted. "But thee may funnel me again." . . . In their beguiling volume about the Quakers, "Friendly Anecdotes" (Harper), Irvin and Ruth Verlenden tell of a Quarterly Meeting years ago attended by the famous Joseph Hoag of Vermont and his son Lindley, who gave promise of following in his distinguished father's footsteps. Young Lindley felt he had a message for the meeting but hesitated to open his mouth because he felt everybody really wanted to hear his father preach. Joseph, however, felt he had no message to impart that particular day. Noticing that his son was champing at the bit he prodded him lustily with his foot, whereupon Lindley jumped up and preached an amazing sermon. But the elders had seen the hint, so at the conclusion of the meeting they chided the father for deciding when somebody else should preach. Joseph said quietly, "If you can kick a sermon like that out of any of your boys you had better do it."

IN THE COURSE of a luncheon with Harry Emerson Fosdick the good Doctor reeled off for me one amusing anecdote after another. . . . An aspiring novelist brought his first effort to his old friend and adviser Alexander Pope and begged, "Please give my work a good send-off." "Better still," promised the canny Mr. Pope, "I'll condemn it!" . . . William Cowper once asked Charles Lamb, "Have you ever heard me preach?" "Indeed," answered Lamb, "I've never heard you do anything else." . . . A very drunken student awakened a doctor of divinity in the dead of night to demand, "Profeshur, whasha difference between a Fundamentlist an' a Lib'ral?" The pained Doctor replied, "Grover, you're intoxicated. Come back when you're sober and I'll tell you." "But, profeshur," the student protested, "when I'm sober I won't give a damn." . . . During the Nazi occupation of Paris a burly, mean-looking storm trooper strode into a subway car and tripped headlong over the umbrella of a meek little old lady who sat near the door. He picked himself up, bruised and besmirched, and launched into a tirade of abuse against the terrified old lady. Then, suddenly conscious of the hostile glares of the other occupants of the car, he lurched out at the next station. The passengers waited until he was gone, then burst into spontaneous applause for the little woman with the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A GREAT deal has been written about the gradual revelation of horror in 'The Turn of the Screw.' In some ways 'The Mockingbird' does a better job. A young girl, neurotic and selfish, deliberately brings about tragedy to break up her father's new romance . . . It has the disturbing quality of a nightmare." — Francis Ludlow, *The Retail Bookseller* $3.00

THE Mocking-bird

by ROBERT RAMSEY

A STORY PRESS BOOK

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc.

Sky High in The White Mountains

5500 ACRES
5 BREEZE-SWEPT LAKES
ALL SPORTS

LAKE TARLETON *Club*

PIKE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Reservations Invited
WALTER JACOBS

N. Y. OFFICE • TR. 7-6256

Looking for a PUBLISHER?

If you are looking for a book publisher, learn about our effective publishing program for new or unknown authors. Under this plan, we have just sold a first book to a famous reprint house for a pocket edition. Perhaps we can start you on a successful career, too. Ask for Free Booklet FF.

Write: **Miss Frances Foley**
VANTAGE PRESS, INC. 230 West 41st St., New York 18, N.Y.

The Book For This Summer

NORWAY TODAY

Written by Leading Specialists

The best book yet published about Norway, dealing with every aspect — Norwegian life and culture, art, music and the theatre, literature and science, economical life, sports and past-times. Over 200 beautiful photographs, two-color plates. Leather spine $5.50.

NORGE BOOK SERVICE

Box B10, c/o Saturday Review, 25 W. 45 St., N. Y. 19

BUY U.S.
SAVINGS BONDS

umbrella. She hung her head modestly and said, "I know it isn't much—but he's the fifth one I bagged today." . . . Thank you, Dr. Fosdick.

A BRILLIANT but revealing biography scheduled for late fall publication is being held up while a battery of crack lawyers examines every page for possible libel. The author is indignant that his words be questioned. "How can there possibly be libel in this manuscript?" he demanded in all seriousness. "Every single story in the book was told to me by somebody!" . . . Sandwiched between a half dozen very prominent writers, a lad of six suddenly startled the lot of them by announcing, "I began work today on my new play." When the laughter subsided the father said indulgently, "Where did you pick up that expression?" The six-year-old explained, "It seemed the only way I could muscle into this conversation." . . . A battle-scarred publisher dictated a long and important letter to his secretary, then concluded wearily, "Better make fifteen copies, Miss Kay, so we may be able to find one if we need it." . . . Margaret Case Harriman recalls in "The Vicious Circle" how Frank Adams once took Harold Ross, *The New Yorker*'s editor, tobogganing in the country. On Monday when they were back at the Round Table in the Algonquin somebody asked him how Ross had looked tobogganing. Adams stole a look across the table at Ross's unique and unforgettable profile and said thoughtfully, "Well, you know how he looks *not* tobogganing!"

BEFORE CHINA was engulfed by the Red tide a family named Lum—grandfather, father, and twelve-year-old son—lived in poverty in a tiny compound. The grandfather was crippled by arthritis and unable to continue his share of work in the rice paddy, so the father decided to liquidate him. He trussed him up in a big market basket and made for the shore of the Yangtse River. Enroute he met his son, who cried, "What are you doing to my poor grandfather?" "Quiet," whispered the father. "By lowering him into the stream we will end his suffering and at the same time lighten our own load." "I see," nodded the son, "but be sure to bring back the basket. I'll need it for you one day."

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 904)

THACKERAY:
THE ROSE AND THE RING

With the portrait of Princess Angelina of Paflagonia the King of Crim Tartary was so delighted that he decorated his Court painter with his Order of the Pumpkin (sixth class) as the artist became Sir Tomaso Lorenzo K.P., thenceforth.

A Brand-new Handbook for 16mm Users and Fans . . .

. . . Right Out of The Saturday Review of Literature

IDEAS ON FILM

Edited by Cecile Starr
with a Foreword by Irving Jacoby

This authoritative new handbook for 16 mm. enthusiasts, brings you a compilation of 29 articles by more than 20 experts who appraise and discuss the problems and prospects of the documentary and educational film in this country.

It provides you with valuable ideas and worthwhile opinions about non-theatrical films from the people who make and use them—among whom are such experts as Willard Van Dyke, Amos Vogel, Glen Burch, Julien Bryan, Patricia Blair, Rudolf Arnheim.

Ideas on Film contains reviews from both *The Saturday Review of Literature* and the *Film Forum Review* of 200 top 16 mm. films available for rental throughout the United States, and carries a full list of national distributors who stock these films and local libraries where most of them can be rented or borrowed. In addition, there is a complete section on films for children.

Covering basic ideas about documentary and educational films, their production and sponsorship, and their use by a diversity of groups in museums, public libraries, churches, schools, colleges, clubs, and in the home, industry and labor, Ideas on Film provides an up-to-date critical reference of outstanding representative films of the past decade with emphasis on the postwar years. Among them you'll find: "Nanook of the North", Toscanini's "Hymn of the Nations", "The Roosevelt Story" and "The Feeling of Rejection."

Packed with sound, up-to-date facts, editorials by the editor, guest articles of lasting interest, film reviews, stills and film sources, Ideas on Film is an indispensable guide to the non-threatrical film in this country today.

On Sale at Your Favorite Bookstore $4.50

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
153 East 24th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Democracy's True Religion

H. M. KALLEN

H. M. Kallen

MONDAY'S newspapers regularly report what Catholic, Baptist, Lutheran, Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and other men of religion say of and to "God" when asking His intervention on behalf of their diverse and often irreconcilable intentions. On occasion the reports support a widespread, fierce conviction that "God" is indispensable to the attainment of these intentions and an even fiercer widespread condemnation of such persons who do not share the conviction. "Atheist" and its derivatives figure as ephithets of ultimate opprobrium. To call a person or an institution—such as the nation's public schools—"godless" is to charge the unpardonable sin.

Now these employments of the word "God" in worship and discourse make up a very large part of what is generally called religion. They would lead the inquirer to expect among its employers a certain consensus, if not a unanimity, regarding the meaning of the word. Instead, he will find strange and contradictory differences of definition. Theists, deists, pantheists, polytheists, monotheists, trinitarians, unitarians, rationalists, voluntarists, and all other sorts and conditions of believers, lay and clerical alike, give the divine *what* antipathetical specifications. "As to the word 'God,'" George Santayana once observed, "all mutual understanding is impossible. It is a floating literary symbol, with a value which if we define it scientifically becomes quite algebraic. As no experienced object corresponds to it, it is without fixed indicative force and admits any sense which its context in any mind may happen to give it." Even when an experienced something—the "presence" in the mystic's experience—does correspond to it the presence is ineffable, and the traits which the mystics assign to it are as diverse and incommensurable as the mystics themselves.

Inevitably, the religious inquirer turns away from the *what* of religious belief to its *how*. In modern times the interest of the Western world has tended to shift from the creeds of the churches to the insights of the psychologists. The observations of the psychologists do come to a certain consensus regarding the act of believing and regarding its *modus operandi* when its object is appraised as in whatever sense divine. This consensus sees a man's belief originating in a choice he makes between a number of alternatives. That which he decides upon is a something he prefers, a something he *has liefer*, on which he bets his life and which he cleaves to in the face of all challenge, competition, denial, and betrayal. It is thereby his *be*-lief, his beloved. The *way* he selects and adores, not *what*, renders his belief religious.

Belief is religious when the believer asserts—regardless of their absence from all actual experience and vision—"the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." However valid and compelling the alternatives to the divine object of belief may seem to others, however perception and reason may require its appraisal as an untrue illusion, it remains to the man who honestly and sincerely believes supremely real, unchallengeably true. For him the alternative other Gods are the errors and illusions. Not uncommonly the measure of his faith in the divine being of his choice is the depth of his animosity toward its competitors and the energy of his endeavor to destroy their competitive powers.

RELIGIOUS belief attributes such providential powers to all sorts of existences, actual or imaginary. People speak of religions of science, of beauty, of humanity, of race, of health, of reason, of capitalism, of Communism, of democracy, and so on without end. There is not a thing in the world upon which the faith of some man or woman at the breaking point may not fix as a refuge and rock of salvation, trustingly to perish by that fixation. Our times abound in such commitments without reservation, without compromise. Indeed, they are an enduring component of the weather of life.

Naturally, in weather change is of the essence, and the *whats* of the world's religions do keep changing. Individuals and communities do convert quite genuinely as well as under the pressures of force and the persuasions of fraud from one religion to another. It is not out of malice or perversity that persons like Ignazio Silone and Arthur Koestler account for their conversions both to and from Communism under the caption "The God That Failed." It is neither accident of taste nor spontaneity of imagination that leads a critic who disapproves of some of the dogmas and rituals that encrust science to appraise it as a "sacred cow"—that is, a being set apart, sanctified, and accorded religious veneration. Let the thought, thing, or undertaking which belief thus consecrates and exalts be

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whatever one chooses; by so segregating and appraising it, belief endows it with greater and surer power than any other in the aggregate whence belief has drawn it.

Since Jefferson's day mankind everywhere in the world has come more and more to bet its life on the powers of science and the ways of democracy. There is a widespread and dangerous disposition to consider science as in some sense holy, and to attribute to it that assurance of salvation greater than any other which defines the supernatural. In the life of the mind the communicants of such a religion of science figure as so many more dogmatists of another intolerant cult, with observatories or laboratories for churches and with their formulas as infallible revelations ordaining the rites and liturgies of their respective specialties. Such religions of science insist on their own orthodoxies, exercise their own censorships, maintain their own Index, and impose their own Imprimatur.

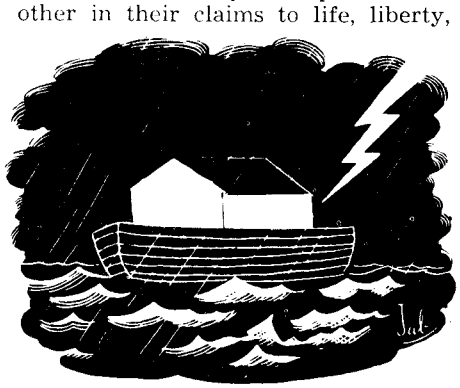
A current instance of this traditional religionism of scientists is the aggression against the original publishers of Velikovsky's "Worlds in Collision." Instead of acknowledging the inquirer's right to be wrong or right at his own risk and treating the claims of the imaginative adventure into history, physics, and astronomy on its merits, certain vested interests of scientific enterprise first threatened a boycott of other books brought out by the publishers of this one and then apparently made good the threat to the point where this best seller was transferred to another house.

THE TRUE believers in science bet their lives not on any one of its *whats* but its over-all *how*. They believe in science as a way of knowing. To them science is not a body of knowledge but a method of creating and altering this body. This method assumes that the realm of knowledge is an open realm. It has neither boundaries nor frontier guards. All sorts of ideas, speculations, hypotheses, and theories may enter it freely on equal terms and present themselves to the believer with their rival claims to truth. The method of science is the way in which the rivalry is brought to a decision. Its essence is what is called sportsmanship or fair play. It requires that the works and ways of the field, the laboratory, the observatory, and the study shall be such that the believer may put the *what* of his belief to the test without fear, favor, or privilege; that the experiment shall invalidate his hypothesis on its own deficiencies or validate it on its own merits. It requires that every idea shall receive an equally free opportunity to do the same job better than its rivals.

Then, if the test of experiment nourishes and the consequences in experience support the idea it is thereby transvalued. For the believer it is changed from speculative claim into reliable knowledge, without being in the least removed from the competition of the field. It cannot, like some champions in sport, retire unbeaten. Perforce, it remains in the open field, ever confronted with the challenge of rivals new and old and is relied on as truth only so long as it continues to do the same job better than ever.

This is why the history of science is the history of ideas first developed into truths, then abandoned as errors. Those ideas were all decisions about the nature of things incorporated into "the body of knowledge" and set down in books, later to be displaced by rival decisions, by choices from among old and new competing alternatives. Or they were the devices and skills by which those *whats* were again and again reproduced by laboratory technicians, engineers, production managers, and teachers. But these reproductions were the dead idols, not the living God, of the religion of science. That divinity is the self-altering, self-corrective process of the scientific enterprise, whose ever-renewed beginnings come first in the happy hunch, the spontaneous observation, the imaginative response to the challenge of a problem; then, in its searching and seeking among old solutions, its inventing and elaborating of still newer alternative solutions; finally, in its planning, organization, and betting on one such, chosen from the many alternatives whose competitive success in experimental tests remains an open question. This process makes of science the continuous reshaping a "body of knowledge" whose stuff is ever not quite this-and-nothing-else and whose form is ever not final.

When men bet their lives upon this alternative enterprise of free, open inquiry, whose springs are curiosity, whose protection is doubt, whose security is experiment, and whose tools are the laboratory's works and ways, they are taking science for their religion. And in taking science they also take democracy. For science so understood is the democracy of the realm of ideas; while democracy is by intent and procedure intrinsically the method of science in the association of men with one another. Democracy starts in the belief that human beings are each different from the others, but that however they differ—be it in race, sex, faith, rank, occupation, possessions, or anything else—they are equal to each other in their claims to life, liberty,



and happiness. The democratic faith affirms the right to be different; it aspires to assure equal liberty and equal justice to all individuals and associations of individuals as different.

WHATEVER be the ground on which human beings come together with one another—religion, work, play, sport, art, science, ethnic origin, or political purpose—the societies so formed continue without fear or favor equal in right to the protection of the laws. Whatever be the social institution—the church, the school, the labor union, the bank, or the business enterprise—the democratic way in the conduct of its affairs at home and the management of its relations abroad, is that of a free mobility, wherein majorities may become minorities without any loss of rights and minorities majorities without any accrual of privilege; where every majority guarantees all minorities equal liberty and equal justice and protects them from the dangers of coercion and injustice at its own hands.

Thus, as believers in science bet their lives on a way of knowing so believers in democracy bet their lives on a way of living. This way assures that human society is open society in which the entire miscellany of mankind may enter freely and live and move and have their beings in safely, all equally free to unite themselves with their fellows or to abandon one union and join another as their consciences direct, their needs prompt, and their understandings guide. The principles and practices which define such processes of association are the *whats* which the democratic faith takes up or drops in the course of experience, experimentation, and discussion. The *how* is the democratic method and is the *what* of the religion of democracy.

For the communicants of the democratic faith it is the religion *of* and *for* religions, the faith in the way of life, which keeps impartial peace between them and assures to each its liberty on equal terms with the others. It is the one way whereby each, although maintaining its unique and singular individuality, although cherishing its incommensurable difference, can yet live together with the others in such wise that it can grow in liberty and safety more certainly than if it sought to exist solo, claiming exclusive possession of the infallible principles and practices of salvation. Democracy is the method by which hitherto inflexible and unadjustable infallibilities may adjust to one another and live together as a communion of the different on equal terms.

Democracy as such a way of life, science as such a way of thought have so worked that belief attributes to them powers of salvation from fear and want, from bondage to nature, to men, and to creeds, which surpass all else that the present knows or the past records. Taken with their works and

(*Continued on page* 29)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Britain. *Since early May the people of Great Britain have been playing host to hundreds of thousands of friends from beyond the seas (including many a boat- and planeful of Americans) at a series of exhibitions, pageants, concerts, and other events known as the Festival of Britain. The lure for many visitors is a chance to play, for others an opportunity to study at first hand a Socialist experiment in a democracy; but, because the sturdiest seam in America's heritage is British, most Americans are probably intent on retracing the steps of what is in truth their own past. The half dozen books reviewed in the following columns—serious monographs, popularly written history, provocative essays, and sprightly autobiography— all illuminate the British-American tradition from the Middle Ages to 1951. A. L. Rowse's "The England of Elizabeth" is that* rara avis, *a work of original and impeccable scholarship, likely to become a classic in its particular genre.*

The Crossroads of Our Heritage

THE ENGLAND OF ELIZABETH. By A. L. Rowse. New York: The Macmillan Co. 547 pp. $6.50.

By GARRETT MATTINGLY

"THE Elizabethan Age," this book begins persuasively, "is not something dead and apart from us; it is alive and all round us . . . wherever English people are gathered together . . . wherever they speak the language, something of the tradition goes on in them." It comes alive in these pages as it could do only for a scholar who is also a poet, a poet who has thought deeply about people and politics and the processes of history, a historian who has never let old papers wall him off from the shape and color and variety of life.

A. L. Rowse not only knows what the archives tell of what happened to the property of Sir Thomas Rokeby, the Yorkshire recusant, but he knows the look of that "wood-hung, water-loud domain" and how the house of the Lovelaces of Oxfordshire looks out between its pavilions across the water-meadows of the Cherwell and how Hardwick, "all glass and symmetry and towers," rears its fantastic roof-line above the trees of its park. He must have studied lovingly the brasses and colored effigies of Elizabethan worthies in a hundred parish churches and had an eye always alert for the jut of a gable, the shape of a a wrought-iron hinge, the gleam of old embroidery. He seems to know the half-hidden face of the Elizabethan Age as intimately in many places as he knows it in his own county of Cornwall. As readers of his life of Richard Grenville and his magnificent study "Tudor Cornwall" know, although A. L. Rowse has written wisely and wittily and eloquently on numerous subjects, not only the core of his most serious scholarship but a special part of his heart and imagination have always belonged to the Tudor period.

In a good many ways this present book reminds one of his "Tudor Cornwall." Some of the leading topics are, necessarily, the same—the land, the changing economy, the pattern of society, the church. Some of the method is much the same: the building up from monographs and local histories, from letters and diaries and wills and deeds and public documents the portrait of a living society related to its environment and to the tides of history. But the vastly larger subject, the wider space, and shorter timespan impose differences both in matter and in method. What is attempted here is not a story but a map, a sixteenth-century kind of map, brilliantly colored and full of fascinating little pictures, of the whole structure of Elizabethan society, of all the English world in the vigorous springtime of its first maturity.

Features excluded from the smaller study bulk large: the system of government, for instance, from the queen, her council, her courts, and her parliament down to constables and juries; the upper strata of the social system —the nobility and the rising gentry; the system of education; and in a jewel of a chapter, The Elizabethan Discovery of England, the geographers, map makers, and antiquarians, who make the age so vivid for us.

Necessarily, so comprehensive a scale will not permit the detailed use of manuscripts and local records for every part; one can only sample. To make up there is a vast wealth of monographic literature (some of the best scholarship of the past half century has gone to the study of Elizabethan England), and Rowse seems to know all of it. There is also a wealth less often levied upon by his-

THE AUTHOR: Alfred Leslie Rowse is a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford—a very fortunate circumstance, as he points out, for a man addicted to writing big books. "I go to earth, bury myself, shut myself up for two or three years. . . . These rooms of mine in the quiet of an Oxford quadrangle—gardens all round and within sight of the Bodleian Library—are admirable for that purpose. In all the distraction of the modern world one can only get big books written by an intense concentration." Actually by following a strict routine "The England of Elizabeth" was written in just over two years—to him fairly quickly. His objective is to avoid the cold-mutton aspect of so many history books. He defines history as "life looked back over in the perspective of time. He believes in going to see the places where the things you write about happened, living in the homes the people lived in, handling the objects they loved, looking at their portraits, their tombs, hearing their music. . . . The Cornish seamen of Elizabethan shipping days he had no trouble in visualizing, for he is a Cornishman himself, born at St. Austell, Cornwall, in 1903. In their little boats the adventuring West Countrymen went out to America. He says he thought of them with tears in his eyes this spring when he came in immense comfort and safety on the *Queen Elizabeth* to America—when he first caught sight of the coast of New Jersey and Long Island—and realized how infinitely exciting those sights must have been to his Elizabethan brothers. After he left his childhood days in Cornwall he "spent the next part of my life discovering England and the English—they have a very different life from mine. People overseas may not know how important these differences are—but try referring to a Welshman, for instance, as an Englishman and you are in for trouble!" The present book is, he says, really a diptych, and he will proceed in its successor to show what the Elizabethan society *did*, having laid the groundwork of what it *was* in this volume. He enjoyed his American sojourn this year, was sorry to be called back suddenly by the death of the Warden of All Souls (he is Sub-Warden). He feels that today is America's "Elizabethan Age"—and that it is comforting to think in the distracted world of the twentieth century of the "continuity between our branches of the English peoples". —K. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

torians, the treasure-house of English poetry. One thinks by contrast of a monumental history of the last years of Elizabeth, which does not include the name of Shakespeare in its index (it does occur once in the text), an eleven-hundred-page desert of prose broken by only two little puddles of brackish verse. Rowse knows the poets as he knows the archives, the monuments, and the monographs; lines from Davies and Drayton, Spenser and Shakespeare bubble up naturally everywhere in his text. Poetry and history interpenetrate and illuminate each other, as they should.

If this were a portrait of any time and place it would charm us by the richness of its scholarship, the warmth and color of its style, the vigor and pungency of its opinions and its crotchets. But wherever English is spoken the England of Elizabeth is still alive—and for Americans, particularly. A later England, that of Fielding, say, or of Dickens, we may find friendly and familiar but will always find in part foreign. The lines of growth by then had begun to diverge. But no matter where our ancestors were born we draw from the Age of Elizabeth our basic institutions, our traditions, and our speech. That age belongs to us as much as to anyone. It is the place just beyond the forks where for the last time the paths of all the English lay together and, therefore, as much a part of American history as Jamestown or Independence Hall or Gettysburg.

No American can turn the pages of this book without rediscovering with a sense of instant recognition something of his own past. Mark it down, then, as required reading.

Garrett Mattingly is professor of history at Columbia University and author of "Katharine of Aragon."

Closing Time

By James Michie

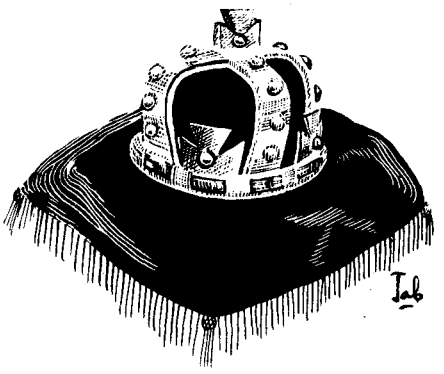
JERUSALEM Street and Paradise Square
Drive their drinkers home to bed.
Dreaming of fancy houses, where
The sheets are white and the door lamps red,
Drunkards grouped round the baby grand
With moonlike faces and waving hand
Leave. The seedy last, who lingers,
Through the tankard sees his fingers.

Turned out in a boastful threes and twos,
The champions at darts and soccer
Have hearts that sink into the shoes
That lead them back towards the knocker,
Kick stones, throw sticks dejectedly,
And whistle disconnectedly.
And, as they think about their wives,
The rain returns into their lives.

Following Napoleon's Collapse

THE AGE OF ELEGANCE. By Arthur Bryant. New York: Harper & Bros. 450 pp. $4.50.

By Frederick B. Artz



ARTHUR BRYANT here concludes what he refers to as a ten-year task—the history of England from 1792 to 1882. The first two volumes in the series, "Years of Endurance" and "Years of Victory," carried the story as far as 1812. The present volume begins with Wellington's Spanish Campaign, then goes on through the sudden collapse of the Napoleonic Empire in 1814 to the Congress of Vienna and the Waterloo Campaign. Most of the rest of the book describes with extraordinary vividness the social life of England from top to bottom; it concludes with the political events of the seven dreary years after Waterloo.

"I wrote it for the ordinary man," the author says in volume two, but his books will also interest the scholar, for they are works of sound learning based on a mass of memoirs, diaries, newspapers, and the best secondary works. Their distinguishing quality, however, is that they are also works of art. Bryant combines in a telling fashion straight narrative with descriptions of historic scenes; the story stops from time to time to bring the reader before a living picture of the past. One is constantly reminded of Macaulay, though the style is much less oratorical and Bryant lacks entirely what Matthew Arnold called Macaulay's "upstart, Asiatic style." Since Macaulay's day the writing of history has, unhappily, become divided between the scholars, who make no effort—or perhaps have no capacity—to evoke the past as a living drama of men and events and the popularizers of history, whose work rarely interests seriously anyone who is seriously interested. Yet many of the greatest historical scholars of the last century, among them Mommsen, Harnack, Stubbs, and Acton, considered Macaulay the greatest historian of the nineteenth century. And Bryant shows that Macaulay's methods are effective.

The author nowhere demonstrates his skill more clearly than in the way in which he sets the stage at the opening of some of the chapters by taking some unusual angle from which to view the whole scene. His interpretation of events comes out mostly through implication, though he never hesitates to express his own views. The whole of the three volumes, of which "The Age of Elegance" is the last, show that the Second World War is always in his mind. Britain, beleaguered by Hitler, gives a fervor to Bryant's description of Britain beleaguered by Napoleon.

Out of this, perhaps, comes the one fault of his work—a fault which lies not in the scholarship or literary art but in the patriotic exaggerations. The English, though they can make plenty of mistakes, are spoken of as "lords of the earth." The French are "a people half monkey and half tiger"; Prussia has a "jackboot culture"; Italy is a land with "verminous beggars swarming in every church and piazza"; and the Russians drink "the oil out of street lamps and perform their natural functions in parlors." The reviewer combed the book to try to find compensating qualities in all these wretched foreigners; about all he could turn up was, "For all their vices and blackguardism, the French people were artists in living."

On the other hand, Bryant shows great insight into some of the essential characteristics of the English people, characteristics which, curiously enough, have also been true of the American people. One characteristic of both nations, in contrast to the logically minded French, is their ability to accept two contradictory concepts at once. In speaking of the shocking abuses of the Industrial Revolution Bryant observes, "The nation which had repudiated the slave trade now accepted as inevitable a new and still more paying form of slavery." At another point after describing the law-abiding qualities of the British he shows also their capacity for violence, and he adds justly—and all this could be said of the United States—"foreigners could not understand the British attitude toward violence." Finally, he sums it all up in the statement that British civilization is rooted "in the necessity for individual responsibility inherent in a state which refused to tolerate either police or bureaucracy." One wonders what would be Bryant's views on the welfare state of Socialist Britain and on the Deals, first "New" and now "Fair," in the United States.

Frederick B. Artz, professor of history at Oberlin College, is the author of "Reaction and Revolution, 1814-32," in The Rise of Modern Europe Series.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Illustrated.

A. P. Herbert as a wartime patrol on the Thames—"extraordinary variety."

Through an M.P.'s Literary Eyes

INDEPENDENT MEMBER. By A. P. Herbert. New York: Doubleday & Co. 363 pp. $5.

By CRANE BRINTON

A. P. HERBERT (now Sir Alan Herbert) was elected to the House of Commons in 1935 as one of the two burgesses from Oxford University, was re-elected in 1945, and lost his seat when the Parliament of 1945 under Labor direction finally decided to abolish altogether the university representation. The university seats were, indeed, the last relic of the old plural voting and to the rigorously democratic mind seemed an anomaly, at best. Moreover, some of the university members were in fact, like Sir Alan Herbert himself, independent of the party whips and in a closely divided Parliament might well have held an inconvenient balance of power. Still, they were an interesting and able group, a pleasant reminder of the old England that seemed to thrive on anomalies.

Sir Alan is a professional writer, one of the mainstays of *Punch*, a master of light verse. His election to Parliament was the result, he says, of "a procession of accidents." He was already well known in 1935 as a vigorous proponent of change in Britain's divorce laws, which in effect limited divorce to adultery, and had already written his novel "Holy Deadlock"; he had also espoused the cause of liberalizing the British liquor licensing laws, which achieve an extraordinary confusion of closing hours and other restrictions. Yet he was elected triumphantly from a constituency of holders of the Oxford M.A., in which Anglican clergymen have a major voice.

This book is his informal account of his fourteen years in Parliament and his war service as petty officer in the Navy. He put his small boat at the Government's disposal and finally found himself part of the Thames patrol. He also managed to continue writing for *Punch*, for the *Sunday Express*, and for the musical-comedy stage. He triumphantly pushed through—with aid from many quarters which he generously acknowledges—his reform of the divorce laws; but the licensing laws stumped him.

These memoirs touch on an extraordinary variety of subjects. To one quite unacquainted with the ways of modern Britain they must often appear rather puzzling; but to those who know already what a Private Member or a back-bencher is, why some members are "hon. and gallant" or "hon. and learned" and others just "hon.," and who can recognize Arthur Cochran and Ivor Novello—for those who know Britain a bit, even if vicariously—they make delightful reading.

They are full of anecdotes, all quotable. Sir Alan failed to heed the conventional advice to new members not to be in a hurry to make the Maiden Speech. He boldly rose early in his first session to protest the Government's cutting down on Private Members' Fridays and thus sidetracking his cherished Matrimonial Causes Bill. It was a witty speech (here given in full) and earned from Winston Churchill the comment, "Call that a Maiden Speech? It was a brazen hussy of a speech. Never did such a painted lady of a speech parade itself before a modest Parliament."

Yet it would be most unfair to the author to give the impression that this book is no more than a collection of anecdotes and humorous asides. Sir Alan took his duties in Parliament and in the Navy seriously, and his accounting is fundamentally serious. This is certainly no simple tract for the times; there is little directly concerned with the great problems of Britain's "revolution by consent." But it is clear that to this "independent member" a good deal of that revolution is by no means palatable. He is no economist or sociologist, though in his report on his wartime mission to Newfoundland he displays a surprising command of details of the life of that once-free Commonwealth. But he is much concerned over the prospects that the new bureaucratic Britain will show itself, as it has already in the doctrinaire elimination of the university members, hostile toward the variety, the oddness, the eccentricities of individuals which have been characteristic of the old British life.

He is worried—though he would never put it so abstractly, so pedantically—lest the new Britain lose liberty in its search for equality. At any rate, he himself is an earnest that this old Britain is still alive, still sure that a witty answer turneth away wrath.

Crane Brinton, professor of history at Harvard University, is the author of "The United States and Britain."

Britain Notes

TAXATION IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND. By Sidney Knox Mitchell. Yale University Press. $5. The manuscript of this work, on which the late Professor Mitchell of Yale University labored for many years, has been prepared for publication by Sidney Paint-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

er as Volume XV in the Yale Historical Publications. Its eight chapters contain much valuable information on the methods of taxation utilized in England during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and the effect that fiscal practices had on the development of the constitutional and administrative systems. The local machinery of taxation, the basis of assessment, the problem of consent or resistance, and the importance of royal tallage from the time of Henry II until its abandonment under Edward III are explored in detail.

The extensive use of unpublished source materials, the frequent introduction of lists and tables, and the copious citations and references make this volume a treasure house of economic data.

MONMOUTH'S REBELLION. By William Richard Emerson. Yale University Press. $2. The rebellion of 1685 which was headed by the Protestant Duke of Monmouth, illegitimate son of Charles II, against his Catholic uncle James II, is amplified and reappraised in this convincing essay. William Richard Emerson has assembled proof that William of Orange played a more positive and more sinister part in the tragedy than Whig historians care to admit. As Stadholder of Holland William secretly aided Argyll's concurrent invasion of Scotland and permitted Monmouth to load arms and sail from Amsterdam in May 1685. But at the same time he warned James of Monmouth's intention to rouse the West Country and offered to come to England to help James put down the uprising. He calculated that once in command of an Anglo-Dutch army on English soil he could rally support and dethrone his father-in-law—a maneuver he carried out with success three years later. Monmouth's tragedy thus takes on overtones that might have provided a plot worthy of Schiller. His defeat and execution removed William's most serious rival, and the "Bloody Assizes" sickened many Englishmen who had supported James. Though William did not get to England in 1685, his duplicity advanced his prospects.

Mr. Emerson's study, Volume VIII of the Yale University Series of Undergraduate Prize Essays, is a triumph of critical reinterpretation written in compact and polished prose.

ESSAYS IN SOCIAL THEORY. By G. D. H. Cole. Macmillan. $3. The death, within the past year, of Bernard Shaw and Harold Laski leaves Cole with few rivals among the intellectual elite who reshaped political concepts in England during the first half of the twentieth century. Anyone unacquainted with Cole's doctrines of guild Socialism and his many publications will find these essays a pleasant introduction to his philosophy.

Modesty and moderation are the keynotes of Cole's persuasive eloquence;

(*Continued on page* 31)

Fiction.

The reviews published below of three new novels offer interesting examples of what happens when a writer sets out to transform actual historical events into fiction. Vilhelm Moberg, a gifted Swedish author, has taken one of the most significant themes in our national history—the lure of America for the European peasant—and, drawing copiously and scrupulously on the records, has written "The Emigrants," which Harrison Smith terms "one of the most inspiring novels of the year." Paul I. Wellman, whose following is large and faithful, has preempted the career of one of the most fabulous of Americans, Jim Bowie of Bowie knife fame, and actually muted his material to provide in "The Iron Mistress" what Carl Victor Little calls a highly entertaining, reasonably accurate romance. Lawrence Earl assumes the reporter's role in describing the valor of the crew of the Amethyst *in "Yangtse Incident," a novel Fletcher Pratt finds commendable, but not quite art.*

Exodus to Eldorado

THE EMIGRANTS. By Vilhelm Moberg. New York: Simon & Schuster. 366 pp. $3.75.

By Harrison Smith

MANY years have passed since we have been offered as massive and appealing a novel of nineteenth-century European peasants as Vilhelm Moberg's "The Emigrants." The fading memory of Knut Hamsun's "The Growth of the Soil" and that grim record of starving Norwegian farmers, "Hunger," hovers over this story about the people of a remote parish in Sweden over a century ago. At that time not only in Scandinavia but in all Europe it was no longer possible for the average man to support his family on the few acres of soil he had inherited. This condition finally produced the revolutions of '48 and the flood of migration to America, which in the end has upset the balance of world power.

Vilhelm Moberg—"from the heart."

In Sweden's small and remote Ljuder Parish in 1740 there were forty-three homesteads divided among eighty-seven owners. Less than a century later there were 245 independent farms, two-thirds of them an eighth or less of the original homesteads, supporting according to the old records 757 souls, including indentured farm servants, the old, the sick, the insane, three whores, and two thieves.

When young Karl Nilsson of the novel married his blonde and beautiful Kristina he took her to a stony farm which was one-sixteenth the size of his grandfather's and already supporting seven adults, including his crippled father and his mother. He toiled from morning till night, uprooting boulders, seeding the lean soil, his ancient plow pulled by a cow and an ox. Children were born to him, and in a few years he was heavily in debt. Then one day he borrowed the pastor's newspaper, for in it there was the picture of a boundless level field of wheat; the shocks were as innumerable as the billows of the sea, an immeasurable quantity of bread for man. It was named "A wheatfield in North America."

After days of careful thought he told his wife "we will sell the farm and go to America." He was only one of tens of thousands of his countrymen to be stirred by the legend of North America, so that in a few years one-fourth of the entire population of Sweden had left the houses and the land where their ancestors had farmed for a thousand and more years. No one could stop them, not even the pastor who had ruled their lives nor the landlords nor the stories spread about of crocodiles, wild beasts, and savage men. This was their Eldorado, their fountain of youth and plenty, and they were drawn to the fertile states of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Northwestern America with irresistible force.

When Karl Nilsson packed his household goods and his farm implements in the iron-bound ancestral chest he left his old parents staring stonily at him from the threshold of his home. He took with him his unruly farmhand, his pregnant wife, and their three children, and there were ten more men, women, and children from his parish who rode to the sea in the train of wagons. The ship was a small brig, and its filthy and dark hold held over a hundred emigrants. Nine died on the ten-week voyage. To these peasants the sea held mystery and terror; it seemed endless. Their only thought was for a green land where they could begin a new life.

One morning when the mists were rising from the harbor of New York they saw the land at last and smelled the spring and the fresh grass and meadows. "The shore they had left at Karlshamm had been a dark shore," Mr. Moberg writes; "here a light shore greeted them. Birches and trees grew there, leaves and green boughs, herbs and grass: at last they could see the green earth." Karl Nilsson's wife had narrowly escaped death from scurvy, the children were weak and ill; but all of them walked erect up the gangplank into the new world. "As seekers of new homes they had come sailing from the earth—now they were back on the earth they felt life returning."

"The Emigrants" is an inspiring book for any American to read, for too many of us have forgotten what we once meant to the world: a chance to create a good life and to live in a free country where there were no rigid classes, no overlords, where men and women could think and worship as they wished. The reasons that had led the emigrants from Ljuder Parish were many. Karl Nilsson speaks: "I seek a land where through my work I can help myself and mine." Kristina: "I go with my husband, but I do so with hesitation and half in regret." The farm hand: "I do not like masters." A man of faith: "I wish to freely confess the God of the twelve apostles in the land He shall show me." A young wife: "Whither thou goest I will go; where thou diest I will die, and there I will be buried." A prostitute: "Sweden—this hellhole!" A farmer: "I can no longer endure cohabitation with my wife; from now on let happen to me what may."

It is apparent that this novel and the two that are to follow come from the heart of the author. Though Vilhelm Moberg's ancestors stayed at home, his grandparents and six of their seven children emigrated, and from his childhood on he read countless letters from his many relatives in America. "The Emigrants" is so thoroughly documented from obviously accurate records that it is not easy reading; but the book has a cumulative force as it continues. It should be rated as one of the soundest and most inspiring novels to appear this year.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

THE A B C OF MYTHOLOGY

Helen Crockett, of Burlingame, California, goes down the line with a group of mythological characters. Allowing four points for each one you can identify, a score of sixty is par, sixty-eight is very good, and seventy-two or better is excellent. Answers on page 24.

A ..... God of manly beauty.
B ..... His chariot was drawn by panthers.
C ..... Protectress of agriculture.
D ..... Provided the crowns for heroes.
E ..... Jupiter carried her off.
F ..... Was blind.
G ..... Most beautiful of mortals, taken to serve the gods.
H ..... Immortal type of beautiful women.
I ..... Almost given in sacrifice by her father.
J ..... Represents the beginning and the end.
K ..... Orion carried him on his shoulders.
L ..... Zeus came to her as a swan.
M ..... Was a messenger.
N ..... Wept herself to death.
O ..... Moved even inanimate things with his music.
P ..... Curiosity was her undoing.
Q ..... War god of Rome.
R ..... Was called the "Mother of Gods."
S ..... He rolled a rock up hill.
T ..... Told the secrets of the gods.
U ..... Hated his children.
V ..... Guarded the hearth.
W ..... His day is favorable to sowing.
X ..... A prophetic horse.
Y ..... The earth was made from his body.
Z ..... Was gentle and mild.

Those Traveling Men

SOUTHERN TERRITORY. By Robert Tallant. New York: Doubleday & Co. 243 pp. $3.

GEORGE F. SCHEER

DEAR Bill: I've just read Bob Tallant's new novel, "Southern Territory," and I must say he's got you and the rest of the traveling salesmen down to a tee! You know, you're the main character in the book, and from Atlanta to Dallas Tallant hasn't missed much about you. He's got you covered from your horror of walking barefoot on hotel-room floors to that babe you picked up last trip at the magazine stand near the Rice in Houston. And he knows Doak Miller, all right. Good old Okey-Doaky: always knew the best steaks in town, always grabbed the check with a BIG gesture. Too bad about Doak. Remember the kid named Steele who lived like the Pride of the "Y" when he was in the territory because he thought his girl was so sweet and pure? He's in the book, too. In fact, it all sounds so real I'm sure Tallant got his dope straight from you or Johnny Mallory, the book peddler.

It's a pretty clever book. The scenes shift smoothly from city to city in the Southern territory. The author knows how to evoke the dreariness of hotel rooms and the restlessness, the companionable hilarity, and lonely depression of travelers. But to me it is not a satisfying novel. Its scope is narrow—the story of a few guys who when thrown on their own inadequate resources night after night can't find anything to do but wench and drink continually. To me its main defect is that its characters and their carousals are not fully representative, and they are boring to read about.

But a lot of people are going to think that your episodes with Sally (your "little old oasis" in Atlanta) and Kitty ("dipso, nympho, and schizo") are amusing, indeed. I just hope Martha doesn't read the book and find out what a mixed-up, soft-headed, tender-hearted ass you can be when you're away from her and the kids.

I'll see you on my next trip. I'll make Atlanta on September 13. If you're not all tied up with Sally call me at the Piedmont.

Yours,
GEORGE.

George F. Scheer travels Southern territory for several book publishers.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carving a Name in Texas

THE IRON MISTRESS. By Paul I. Wellman. New York: Doubleday & Co. 404 pp. $3.50.

By CARL VICTOR LITTLE

THE self-imposed task of most historical novelists consists of taking a character, usually a stuffed shirt, a clod of a fellow, inflating him enormously, endowing him with a few red corpuscles and sinful impulses, surrounding him with a passel of bosomy females, and prodding him into performing strained deeds of derring-do foreign to his nature. But Paul I. Wellman in selecting Jim Bowie—among the most venerated of the Founding Fathers of Texas—as the subject of this romance was faced with the necessity of reversing the process or, at least, of applying the brakes of understatement and restraint. Had not the real Jim Bowie been whittled down from the stature of a Homeric god to resemble somewhat a human being even historical fiction readers, who generally will swallow whole almost any kind of a whopper, would have rebelled. Fiction, in short, doesn't dare present without a dab of make-up a man as unbelievable as the flesh-and-blood, not-a-motion-picture Bowie.

Mr. Wellman does not dare have his hero lasso an alligator, jump on its back, and ride lickety-split down the bayou without being eaten or lowered to the bottom by the reptile. Neither does he dare permit Jim Bowie to rope a wild steer, one of the rampaging descendants of the animals that escaped the Spanish missions generations before, or to slash the throat of the steer and then carve him up into T-bones and tenderloins. But Mr. Wellman could well afford to omit these details from Bowie's life and leave accounts of other episodes in his overset. For Jim Bowie, by merely breathing and modestly acting his historical role, was fated to become the profitable pushover for some historical novelist. (And how Harnett T. Kane ever let Bowie, who cavorted for years in Mr. Kane's New Orleans, slip through his typewriter fingers is a major mystery to me.)

An unusual character was Jim Bowie even among Texans, all of whom, to hear us tell it, are normally and routinely prodigious. Most frontier fighters were either members of the constabulary or bad men. Bowie was an acquisitive free-enterpriser, who fricasseed his enemies with the knife that was to bear his name because he was pushed into fracases rather than plunging in willingly. (The title, "The Iron Mistress," refers to the celebrated knife.) Not a belligerent man and no braggart—he always refused to discuss the hypothetical notches on his bowie knife or how they came to be—Bowie often found himself risking a slit throat because he was acting in defense of a friend.

So knife-fighting, in which Mr. Wellman's novel abounds and justifiably so, was merely a diversion for Bowie between land deals and slave-running. (Bowie, wanting to get rich quickly—which was, of course, the reason that thousands flocked to Texas and are still flocking there—smuggled slaves from Galveston, where he dealt with Pirate Lafitte, who ruled Galveston before the Maceos came. This shady practice, and considered so then, consumed two years of Bowie's youth.

As if he were living his life to the order of Mr. Wellman, Bowie married Ursula de Veramendi, an authentic señorita and the daughter of the Spanish lieutenant governor of then Mexican Texas. He became a Mexican citizen and a Catholic so he would be eligible for matrimony and, what was perhaps more important, property-holding. Oh, well. Henry of Navarre averred that Paris was worth a mass, and what, indeed, is Paris when compared with Texas and a high-born señorita?

Although the author asserts his prerogative as a historical novelist by contriving a few love affairs for the virile protagonist in addition to the Ursula romance—one interlude was with the mistress of Pirate Lafitte—he doesn't have to contrive the smashing, dramatic climax of his novel: the heroic death of Jim Bowie. History and Santa Anna, a backslidden Great Liberal, contrived that climax at the Alamo, where Bowie lay, crippled after a fall from a platform, and shot Mexicans until they closed in for the kill. Ironically, Bowie was so maimed that he was unable to reach his fabled knife at the fade-out.

Mr. Wellman, a man of the highest integrity and respected by Texas historians, does a sympathetic, admirable job with Jim Bowie in this stirring novel. No violence is done this hero of Texas or the others presented in the story, including Travis, Ben Milam, and Sam Houston. Mr. Wellman commits no mayhem. The principal job of the historical novelist is to entertain, and Mr. Wellman surely does this; but he also cuts his pattern to careful historical research, and Texans should be grateful.

In conclusion I weep. I weep for the Texas of yesteryear, the Texas before the reforming damyankees poured in with their carpetbags filled with white ribbons, the Texas of Jim Bowie and Sam Houston, three-bottle men both. In their happy era a man could raise a thirst and drink a skinful without the WCTU sending a delegation to a subservient, sissified, apron-bound, sin-chasing legislature, insisting that character-building strong drink be barred—again and forever.

Carl Victor Little is daily columnist and book reviewer for The Houston Press.

—Jacket design by Harry Schaare from "The Iron Mistress."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Interviews on Horror

YANGTSE INCIDENT. By Lawrence Earl. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 240 pp. $3.

By Fletcher Pratt

ON April 20, 1949, the British frigate *Amethyst* was en route up the Yangtse River, carrying supplies to the embassy at Nanking. The Chinese Communists held the north bank of the stream, the Nationalists the south bank, but an armistice between the two parties still had fourteen hours to run. It was a clear morning, the ship was flying her flag, and was readily recognizable. Without warning the Communists on the north bank began to shell her heavily from many batteries. Her fire control, bridge, steering house, and guns were put out of action, and she was driven ashore on an island with fifty-three casualties.

A couple of days later the Communists crossed the stream and drove the Nationalists into the distance. The local Communist commander trained guns on the *Amethyst*, which had by this time pulled free, and refused to allow her to go downstream unless her commander signed a document saying he had "invaded" Chinese territory without permission, acknowledging that he had opened fire first and that the Communists were entitled to an indemnity. He refused to do anything of the kind, and after 101 days at anchor in the stream and considerable privation he succeeded in slipping down at night, being again shelled in the process.

This is the background of "Yangtse Incident." The first question that will occur to any reader is "Why?" But this is the question to which Mr. Earl denies knowing any answer and on which he refuses to speculate. He has not asked—or perhaps was not given—any answer to questions about British diplomatic negotiations in the background. He is not concerned with rescue attempts except to mention that there were rescue attempts. He devotes himself solely to what went on aboard the ship and among the members of her crew who escaped ashore when her position became obviously helpless.

It is a chronicle of rats, heat, short and bad rations, wounded men, misery, and futile negotiations with minor Communist officers. Mr. Earl has gone to a great deal of pains in resurrecting and setting down the actual conversations that took place, the detail of such incidents as a two-foot rat being snared above somebody's bunk; and since he interviewed every *Amethyst* survivor, some of them for several hours, there can be no possible doubt of the accuracy of his reporting.

The only question is in regard to the value of such reporting or, to put it otherwise, to the literary and emotional utility of another account of human suffering borne with reasonable courage and endurance but without comprehension. Nobody blew his top, to be sure, and that is on the credit side; but, on the other hand, nobody did anything special. It is simply the tale of a type of incident which happens all too often in the terrifying world we inhabit; the case in which an individual or a group of them are smitten by the vengeance of the gods without reason or reparation, while quietly going about their harmless business. No solution is offered, and the suggestion is that there is none. Franz Kafka handled the same essential material in "The Trial," and nothing that is said here can do more than confirm that his fantasy was founded in fact.

—*Clint.*

Lawrence Earl—"accuracy of reporting."

Hilde Abel—"prophetic outcries."

In the Agony of Chaos

THE GUESTS OF SUMMER. By Hilde Abel. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 271 pp. $3.

By Nathan L. Rothman

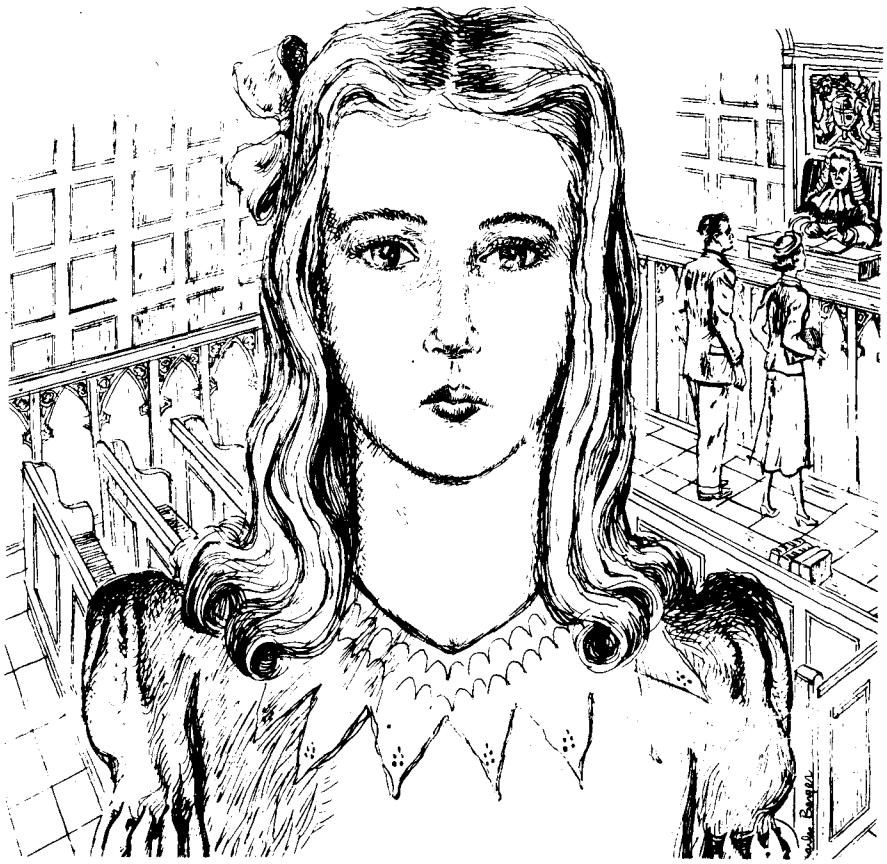
IN the summer of 1939 the world stood poised for a terrible moment upon the brink of the precipice. Hitler had gathered his strength to the striking point, driving the refugees of Europe ahead of him and sealing the door behind by means of a handclasp with Stalin. It is possible to feel, now, that the imminence of storm hung like a black cloud over that brief summer and that all who lived and thought must have looked to the sky and spoken in fearful words of what was to come. Such, at any rate, is the feeling in this novel by Hilde Abel. Feeling is indeed the word that best describes her book. It is not so much about people in any realistic or narrative sense as it is about emotions and attitudes personalized, given voice through the agonized masks of dramatis personae as in an ancient play.

In a summer hotel in the Adirondacks are gathered a group of guests each of whom feel and suffer in a special way the torments of current history this August of 1939. Central among these and chief spokesman for Miss Abel is Julie Dreyfuss, a young Jewish girl, abnormally sensitive to things and people and meanings. She is herself torn by the confusions of her own life—her rooted oneness with her people and her hunger to pull away from the roots, get into the sun of free Nordic America—but beyond that she feels all the pains and confusions of everyone around her: her mother and her uncle; the Polish refugee Friedrich Grocz, who plans to return to live or die in the Ghetto, and Miss Adeline, the German Jewish refugee, who clings still to her illusory Germanness; the man called Tomorrow, who feels that the Soviet land is his dream of the good life until he learns of that handclasp with Hitler and sees what it means; and, among others, the American youth Roger, who comes from across the lake to woo Julie.

They speak out of a depth of passion quite beyond the immediate place or day; they seem not to speak to one another really but above each other's head to us, the listeners. In this sense they are unreal and unrealized as characters. But this will not seem a weakness if we will grant in advance the premise that this is not a narrative at all but a grave and heartfelt declamation, through the masks of the actors, on the state of man. It is not too dated. The state of man has not changed very much since 1939, and the things Miss Abel has to say are pertinent and arresting. They are also, in a way, poetic, as prophetic outcries in a time of doom are apt to be. Whatever Miss Abel's book lacks in the way of flesh and blood it makes up in spirit.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction Notes



—Jacket illustration by Charles Berger from "Nobody's Child."

CALL FOR A MIRACLE. By Benedict Kiely. Dutton. $3. "In a Harbour Green," Benedict Kiely's first novel to be published in America, proved to be something of a dark horse in the 1950 fiction sweepstakes. In that simple tale of his native Ulster the young author not only exemplified the immemorial art of the Irish storyteller but displayed warmth and vitality in the portrayal of character and a compassionate insight into the human heart. He at once took his place alongside three brilliant Irish newcomers to the American literary scene—MacMahon, McLaverty, and MacManus.

The spiritual drama of "Call for a Miracle" is set against the background of Dublin's Georgian houses, hideaway pubs, and holiday strands. There is a glimpse at Irish university life during the early years of the Second World War. A number of Dubliners, including the police, watch the mysterious movements of Mary Fergus, blackmailer and thief, a patrician Circe who is tormented by her power to turn men into swine. Embittered by the memory of her brutal father she has dedicated her life to vengeance against men. She trusts only the middle-aged newspaperman Brian Flood, narrator of the story and Mr. Kiely's Greek chorus. Brian, like Mary, is a prisoner of the past. Estranged from his wife, longing for the companionship of his little daughter he seeks solace in women and the robust company of the bibulous.

Mary falls in love with a young invalid and finds a certain wistful happiness in serving him. But not even Father Peter, the reluctant saint called upon to work a miracle, can save Mary's love from tragedy. It is in the varied destinies of others that the miracle proves beneficent.

"Call for a Miracle" does for the storied old city on the Liffey what "In a Harbour Green" does for the tiny Ulster port: it presents a picture of contemporary Irish life that is timely and timeless. Perhaps because Dublin laughter is louder and the whiskey stronger there is in "Call for a Miracle" a more poignant nostalgia to each soul's loneliness. In the time of man Mr. Kiely's characters search for peace, but it is eternity that shapes and colors the search. As he unfolds his haunting and suspenseful story Mr. Kiely has an Irishman's way with the English language. His cadenced and evocative prose often soars on the shining wings of poetry.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

THE GATES OF HELL. By Calder Willingham. Vanguard. $2.50. Of the twenty-five stories in this book with telling title several are not short stories at all but read rather like random jottings from a gifted novelist's notebook. A few of them are frankly essays, with reflections on our age and without the least attempt at creating character or situation. This is true of the short piece "What Is Rape?," which denounces the extent of this phenomenon in intimate and international life and which, we are told, will destroy our civilization. "The Universe Is Not Really Expanding" is another rather abstruse piece which scarcely deserves the name of fiction.

On the other hand, there are creative sketches here which reveal a highly gifted hand in intensive realism. An eloquent example is "Love on Toast," which records a rather violent conversation over the phone between husband and wife. What is astonishing about this tiff as well as about the scarcely less violent "Guardian Angel" is the brutal frankness of the dialogue, expressing the thoughts of people commonly retained unspoken in the recesses of the mind; yet here it sounds wholly convincing and plausible. Mr. Willingham is adept in this sort of thing; it is inherent in his strength. There is a mordant humor, too, in some of the pieces, notably in "The Pursuit of Gloom," which delves, not without whimsicality, into the mysteries of masochism. There is no question of the uncanny power of this author, though it is a pity that he has not used his material as the warp and woof of a work larger in design.

—John Cournos.

NOBODY'S CHILD. By Phyllis Hambledon. Rinehart. $3. Jacqueline's parents when they decided on divorce had enough good intentions between them to pave a large section of Hell, and in the end it was something close to a living Hell which they succeeded in creating for the little girl whom they really loved. Pretty, gay, feckless Dosia was to have Jake for holidays, and since Jake's new stepfather, a frequently successful writer of lyrics for revues, was part of the glittering theatrical world which so dazzled Dosia Jake's holidays were a little overglamorous—too many treats, too many excitements, a guilty compensation for the dull, happy family life now gone forever.

Things were more hopeful after the divorce, with Jake's father's appointment as architect for a new "satellite-town" project; William and Jake were happy, cared for by a comfortable old housekeeper, in the charming little house which went with the appointment. Jake loved her new school and particularly Rachel Kershaw, her form-mistress. When William made the natural mistake of supposing that in marrying Rachel he would please Jake as well as himself Jake, lonely and confused, became hopelessly overwhelmed by jealousy, passion, bitterness, and a welter of adult emotions. The solution at which Jake's parents finally arrive for her narrowly averts tragedy, but it is at most third-best.

Around her decent, well-meaning English characters Phyllis Hambledon weaves a heartbreaking, entirely believable, and always interesting story which underscores, as she intended it to do, the futility of believing that divorce need make no difference in the lives of the young children involved.

—Pamela Taylor.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time, Space & Literature

FLETCHER PRATT

—*Whitney Bender, from "The Day of the Triffids."*

THE SEARCH for tendencies in all or any part of literature is attractive, easy, and dangerous; what seems to be a trend all too often turns out to be a coincidence. Yet it is impossible not to observe certain biological strains running through the group of science fiction and fantasy presented here. For one thing, considering the period covered (approximately six months), there are more books in the field than in any previous similar period, and they are from more publishers—which would appear to indicate that the form is still on the upswing. For another, there is a remarkable amount of recidivism; there are two books each by four authors, and the same four are represented in the anthologies.

The short story is becoming more and more confirmed as the characteristic form in the field; of the books presented here three are anthologies of shorts and five more are collections of stories by a single author, a type of book which normally causes publishers to start for the cyclone cellar. There is a reason for this, of course, and it is not entirely that a good many such stories graduate into hard covers from the magazines; in fact, the current grouping has rather more "originals" than usual. It is rather that the average science-fiction story is built around a single concept, such as elastic memory or the possibility of living in a story someone else has written, and when this point has been made the interest of the story is exhausted, unless the author can bring in a series of subsidiary ideas flowing from the first, or—the rarer case—where the story demands or permits the construction of an unfamiliar cosmos. The latter is, of course, the case with straight fantasy, and it is notable that four of the novels belong in this category but very few of the short stories.

But perhaps the most remarkable trend (if it is one) this summer is toward a *mariage de convenance* between fantasy, scientific or not, and the detective story. John Dickson Carr's "Devil in Velvet" frankly admits the union; after starting as a perfectly classic fantasy with our old friend His Satanic Majesty on stage it turns into a perfectly classic detective story, laid in the days of Charles II of England and accompanied by sword-play and various Carrian complications. For fantasy fans it rates as a good try; what the Baker Street Irregulars will make of it is uncertain.

At exactly the opposite end of the corridor stands A. E. van Vogt's "House That Stood Still," purporting to be science fiction but actually a confused detective story of the type in which the hero gets slugged in every chapter and winds up in the arms of a lulu. The scientific features include a race of immortals, who keep a spaceship underground near the Pacific coast for no discernible reason and who can assume the physical form of anyone else in order to make things more confusing. They are not very convincing.

On the other hand, William F. Temple's science in "Four-Sided Triangle" is extremely convincing, perhaps because he asks you to accept so little of it, perhaps because he has kept it in the background while he deals with the emotional involvements of his characters. The story belongs to the English type of "Why they do it" rather than to the "Whodunit," with the science-fiction element honestly stated at the very beginning.

Jack Williamson's "Dragon Island" must also be included in the list of quasi-detective stories, because its plot turns on intrigue and the solution of a mystery, though the science in it is neither subordinated nor incredible. It is good Williamson, almost as good as his memorable "Darker Than You Think," and one of the first science-fiction stories to combine the idea of a successor race with that of modern genetics in a logically satisfying manner.

INCIDENTALLY, "Dragon Island" also belongs to the group of stories, more numerous this time around than ever before, which are laid in the present or very near future and which require only a slight alteration of current conditions. So does John Wyndham's "The Day of the Triffids," probably the best-written book in the current batch, about which there is nothing of the detective. He starts with a double instead of a single assumption—a meteor shower that blinds practically everyone and a mobile platform with an idiotic animosity for humans—but he has put his story together so well that he makes this long leap acceptable; and somewhere along about the middle of the book you will discover that he is writing, on two levels, something that is not only a very good story in its own right but also a highly-pointed allegory.

The time-stretch in Isaac Asimov's "I, Robot" is longer, but the assumptions are not so long, being merely the development of robots capable of thought on the basis of data supplied to them. What sort of controls would be built into such machines? What would be their emotional effect on children? On women? What might cause "mental" breakdowns, and what would be the results? What would be the nature of a society whose econo-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mics was controlled by infallible thinking machines? These are the types of questions to which Mr. Asimov addresses himself in a series of tales not the least damaged by the fact that he is one of the most skilful storytellers in the science-fiction business.

A. E. van Vogt's "Weapon Shops of Isher" is still farther in the future (4784 of the "imperial era"), and the material is more fantastic, doing an arabesque around the concept, so familiar in science fiction, of the manipulation of time. What is chiefly interesting about the book is that when it appeared serially it was so overloaded with characters and detail as to be almost incomprehensible. It has been shortened and rewritten into a thoroughly acceptable group novel, which may have something to say to the non-specialist. It would be nice, though, if Van Vogt gave up the habit of putting at least one superman in every story.

"City at World's End," by Edmond Hamilton, might also be classed with the group novels, since it deals with a Midwestern town suddenly set down in a future so remote that the sun is a dying star and the earth a long-dead planet. But the group cannot get on stage because the hero is there all the time, and the solution is a naked *deus-ex-machina* contrivance, which seems to come about rather because the author wished to end his story than from anything within it. For the fans, and light.

Raymond F. Jones's "Renaissance" is also laid in a future, though not of this earth, and is also for highly specialized specialists; but it takes some imagination to describe it as light and some more to acknowledge it as science fiction. In spite of the fact that the characters are unidimensional and there seems to be something happening every moment, the writing is heavy and turgid, and the author has taken little care to work out the scientific and the political logic of his binary worlds.

Slipping over from the "time" to the "space" stories, the outstanding item is a paper-back, Arthur C. Clarke's "Prelude to Space." The problem is the relatively "simple" one of getting the first moon-rocket off the ground with some chance of reaching its objective, but it is handled with so accurate an appreciation of the real difficulties and so keen a sense of the human reactions that the story outshines its far more gaudy companions. Scientists are a necessity to science fiction; but this is one of the first books in which they really talk like scientists and solve their problems in a scientific way. Perhaps this is because Mr. Clarke is himself a well-known British scientist; perhaps it is just because he is a good writer.

—By Richard Powers, from "Rogue Queen."

IN ERIC FRANK RUSSELL'S "Dreadful Sanctuary" the technical problems of moon-flight have been solved—but the moon-rockets keep blowing up as soon as they are outside the atmosphere. The research into the reason by an inventor who has no intention of seeing his own rocket go "pouf!" makes this one of the better science fiction-cum-detective stories; it also gives the author an opportunity for some highly diverting examination of such matters as "How do you know you're sane?" and the scientific effects of revealed religion. The dialogue is a little too peppy, and there is a little too much of it; still, the story is nicely conceived and original.

The same can hardly be said of Jack Williamson's "Cometeers," which is a straight space-opera of a type now happily becoming rarer; but it can be said of L. Sprague de Camp's "Rogue Queen," laid on an unnamed distant planet, where a bee-like culture has developed among a race of egg-laying humanoids. The story takes place at the moment of human impact on this culture, and, except for the author's rather forced solution of one of his difficulties, it is marked by the usual De Camp specialties of rapid, interesting action, complete interior logic, and flashes of humor.

It is rather a pity that Isaac Asimov wasted his time on "Stars Like Dust," which is also space-opera of the one-man-against-an-empire type only partly redeemed by his good writing and not at all helped by the lack of anything really novel in scientific extrapolation.

Of pure fantasies there are five this summer, a somewhat higher proportion than usual. Philip Wylie has chosen the vehicle to say what he thinks about the mutual dependence of men and women in "Disappearance." Aside from the fact that his thoughts will come as a considerable surprise to those who know him only as the foe of Momism, the book illustrates admirably how completely the suspension of disbelief in an altogether unbelievable situation can be achieved if the writer will take the trouble to surround his story with naturalistic detail while making it say something as a whole.

In Charles Williams's "Place of the

(*Continued on page 27*)

S.-F. Roundup

THE DEVIL IN VELVET. By John Dickson Carr. New York: Harper & Bros. 335 pp. $3.00.

THE HOUSE THAT STOOD STILL. By A. E. van Vogt. New York: Greenberg. 210 pp. $2.50.

FOUR-SIDED TRIANGLE. By William F. Temple. New York: Frederick Fell. 240 pp. $2.75.

DRAGON'S ISLAND. By Jack Williamson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 246 pp. $2.50.

THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS. By John Wyndham. New York: Doubleday & Co. 222 pp. $2.50.

I, ROBOT. By Isaac Asimov. New York: Gnome Press. 253 pp. $2.50.

THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER. By A. E. van Vogt. New York: Greenberg. 231 pp.

CITY AT WORLD'S END. By Edmond Hamilton. New York: Frederick Fell. 239 pp. $2.75.

RENAISSANCE. By Raymond F. Jones. New York: Gnome Press. 255 pp. $2.75.

PRELUDE TO SPACE. By Arthur C. Clarke. New York: Galaxy. 160 pp. 25c.

DREADFUL SANCTUARY. By Eric Frank Russell. Reading, Pa.: Fantasy Press. 276 pp. $2.75.

THE COMETEERS. By Jack Williamson. Reading, Pa.: Fantasy Press. 310 pp. $3.00.

ROGUE QUEEN. By L. Sprague de Camp. New York: Doubleday & Co. 222 pp. $2.75.

THE STARS LIKE DUST. By Isaac Asimov. New York: Doubleday & Co. 218 pp. $2.75.

THE DISAPPEARANCE. By Philip Wylie. New York: Rinehart & Co. 405 pp. $3.50.

THE PLACE OF THE LION. By Charles Williams. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 236 pp. $3.00.

THE UNDESIRED PRINCESS. By L. Sprague de Camp. Los Angeles: Fantasy Publishing Co. 248 pp. $3.00.

THE SPIRIT WAS WILLING. By Milton Luban. New York: Greenberg. 188 pp. $2.50.

TYPEWRITER IN THE SKY. By L. Ron Hubbard. New York: Gnome Press. 256 pp. $2.75.

DOORWAYS TO SPACE. By Basil Wells. Los Angeles: Fantasy Publishing Co. 206 pp. $2.50.

EVERY BOY'S BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION. Edited by Donald Wollheim. New York: Frederick Fell. 254 pp. $2.75.

BEYOND INFINITY. By Robert Spencer Carr. Reading, Pa.: Fantasy Press. 236 pp. $2.75.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAN. By Ray Bradbury. New York: Doubleday & Co. 252 pp. $2.75.

A GNOME THERE WAS. By Lewis Padgett. New York: Simon & Schuster. 276 pp. $2.50.

JOURNEY TO INFINITY. Edited by Martin Greenberg. New York: Gnome Press. 381 pp. $3.50.

ADVENTURES IN TOMORROW. Edited by Kenneth Foster Crossen. New York: Greenberg. 278 pp. $3.50.

GREAT STORIES OF SCIENCE FICTION. Edited by Murray Leinster. New York: Random House. 321 pp. $2.95.

ROCKETS, MISSILES, AND SPACE TRAVEL. By Willy Ley. New York: Viking Press. 436 pp. $5.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music.

"All the arts live on words," wrote the late Paul Valéry in his "Pièces sur l'Art." "Every work demands a response, and a 'literature,' written or not, extemporaneous or contemplative, is inseparable from man's creative drive. . . . 'Art criticism' is the literary genre that condenses or amplifies, that stimulates, that codifies, or that attempts to harmonize all the thoughts that spring to mind in the presence of artistic phenomena." Valéry aimed at establishing a franchise to deal verbally with painting, but his remarks are applicable equally to music. The art of sound, too, demands a "literary" response, and it is about this neglected aspect of music as "human fact" that Roger Sessions writes in his long essay "The Musical Experience" (see below). Also noted this week is a new book on the Strauss family and an expanded, first American edition of Hugo Leichtentritt's "Musical Form."

—*Musical America.*

Roger Sessions—"engaging firmness."

Not for Art's Sake Alone

THE MUSICAL EXPERIENCE. By Roger Sessions. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 127 *pp.* $2.50.

By Jacques Barzun

THERE are two Roger Sessions—the composer of elaborate, though tense and moving, musical works and the Sessions of sweet silent thought who from time to time produces a definitive little essay on his craft. Ten years ago it was "The Intent of the Artist." Now it is "The Musical Experience," which amplifies and indeed completes the earlier statement.

Throughout his critical work—just read Mr. Sessions's book reviews—our composer-critic is a long-range empiricist. "What I wish to stress," he tells us near the beginning of the present book, "is the fact that since music is created by human beings we must regard the sources or raw materials first of all as human facts. For it is not rhythm and sound as such but their nature as human facts which concern us." From this premise he develops an explanation of the otherwise mysterious truth that music is related to life, that it imparts intimate ideas about our being, and that it deserves to be judged as much as any other art by what it says and not merely by its conformity with certain codified tricks of the current trade.

What makes these propositions clear is Mr. Sessions's suggestion—doubtless original with him, though found in Gurney's "Power of Sound" (1887)—that music is invisible movement, whence it can reproduce the "inner gestures" of the human spirit. The examples Mr. Sessions gives of the way in which the transmutation occurs, often unconsciously, should do much to simplify the critic's and layman's confusion about the link between "feelings" and sonatas. The music is not of or about feelings: but it touches them like any other experience. Nor is it a cross-note puzzle which must be taken apart to be enjoyed, as if intricacy conquered were the specific pleasure of the musical experience. Its specific pleasure is that of meaning in sound.

In a sense the mystery of musical meaning is removed only one step by thus showing the roots of that meaning in our psychic and bodily responses; but it is the essential step, for it puts music on a par with the other arts, which are just as mysterious in their power to move us. Why should three unlikely apples and a dish by Cézanne set us dreaming and loving? Music has no business affecting a special air, and it is wholly an historical accident and a cultural failure that have made it seem a thing apart. As Mr. Sessions points out, every art has its esoteric side, and like the sex of the hippopotamus in the classic story it is of no concern except to another hippopotamus.

The exoteric side of art is what makes it an important social pleasure as well as an object of serious attention to the cultivated. The one difference, which music shares with drama, is that it requires a performer before it exists exoterically. On performance Mr. Sessions is again full of wisdom, especially when he disputes and, as it seems to me, quite dispels the claims of "tradition." Nothing is so fatal to sane behavior in concert or theatre as the performers' belief that they are following the tradition of Joachim or Mottl or somebody else. There is of course no warrant that they are—given the distance of time and the congenital incapacity of the performing temperament to receive evidence with accuracy. The result when it is not a harmless illusion is a ludicrous affectation—like what happens to aging actors when they decide to put on a Greek play. As Mr. Sessions concludes, "The key to the music is to an overwhelming degree in the music itself, and not in any respect to associations that may have gathered around it." Even supposing Joachim present in the flesh, and Brahms wagging a bearded approval over his shoulder, why should any modern violinist play the concerto by stylistic imitation instead of direct fidelity to the score? Musicians without ideas may be inadequate, but musicians with notions are the last refuge of invincible snobbery.

There remains the listener's experience, which Mr. Sessions deals with by adroitly linking together the perennial critical problem with the problem of music today. As regards this last, he expounds his own position among the schools with an engaging firmness. Words and names leave him unabashed, as they should, for he knows how to handle them.

But words must also play a role in the listener's experience, as to which Mr. Sessions is generous and indeed liberating. He wants people to enjoy

Notes for a Composition

By Philip Booth

MY CONCERTO is scored to be
as many voiced as the swamp

The theme is as violent
as the slash of lightning on a tree

The rhythm as recurring
as the hollow ache of hounds

The movements strong moving
as the muscles of a dark runner

The finale as powerful
as blood on brutal hands

And the chords as dissonant
as agony.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

music, to develop more and more perceptions in the presence of it, to remember and "think" it in its absence. He wants love to precede discrimination, and criticism to follow rather than forestall the adoption of new music. But Mr. Sessions, I feel, passes too lightly over the difficulty of achieving these things without the proper vocabulary. Not that I am wedded to the use of words as such, but because—as the author justly says—the established clichés, the technical chit-chat, and the pseudo-philosophy of the pundits block the way to the simpler and truer responses he works for.

Now at this late date it is only by new words (standing of course for genuine ideas) that we can replace the false conventions and inspire better habits. Mr. Sessions's book is in itself a proof: he cannot compose a musical work that shall make better listeners; he must first harangue them. Why not also show them how to organize their experience verbally? Let this be Mr. Sessions's next assignment for the general good; and if he takes it on let him get rid of the one idea with which I have any quarrel, namely, that the other arts are more readily understood and discussed by reasons of their obvious connection with everyday things. This is not so. What literature *means* is not what it *says*, and its criticism is just as difficult, just as confused. Again, a statue is "representative" enough—man, horse, woman, child—but who has ever read one page of continuous good sense upon a given sculpture? No, criticism is hard because art is approachable only by inspired indirection—witness Mr. Sessions's admirable little book.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 423

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 423 will be found in the next issue.

LIQ KDEEVOVJVLT DU

LSMLI VE ADRPVLVDRQP

OT LIQ IHNHSP DU QSSDS.

—SHJKI O. KQSST.

Answer to Crypt No. 422

Woman learns how to hate in proportion as she forgets how to charm.

—NIETZSCHE.

—*From "Three-Quarter Time."*

The Johann Strausses, Vater und Sohn—"serious business."

In Family Footsteps

THREE-QUARTER TIME: The Life and Music of the Strauss Family of Vienna. By Jerome Pastene. New York: Abelard Press. 307 *pp.* $3.50.

By H. E. JACOB

WHEN Mozart, Rossini, or Offenbach used the word operetta they meant light opera, not vaudeville. And when Johann Strauss wrote the classic operetta "Die Fledermaus" he did not overburden it with "burlesque scenes," any more than Mozart did when he introduced a few comic characters into "Don Juan" or "The Marriage of Figaro."

So Jerome Pastene, a conductor by profession, is right in thinking that performing a Strauss waltz or operetta is serious business. A conductor is a musical craftsman, and true craftsmanship must be respected. But—aside from a little argument with Stokowski about the art of conducting dance music or some loving evaluations of Strauss's early waltzes—Mr. Pastene's book is so timid about expressing any novel professional ideas that one suspects its author has none.

With astonishing naïveté (to use the politest word for it) he travels in his book over more than nine-tenths of the way that other authors have gone before him. Hardly a fact or an anecdote in the book has not already been unearthed from the Viennese archives and already printed by other Strauss biographers, whom Mr. Pastene follows rather slavishly. He not only takes his general ideas from recently published books but also appropriates the various seasonings with which other writers have spiced their work. On innumerable occasions he repeats the personal remarks of other authors seldom giving them due credit. For example, the comment that Johann Strauss's brother Josef looked like Liszt and the joke that Johann's unfaithful second wife, Angelica, might more properly have been named Diabolica. Another writer's observation that Josef Lanner in his "Schönbrunner Tänzen" pirated Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" is reiterated here with musical illustrations, as though it were Pastene's own discovery.

Mr. Pastene, of course, is not the first author to "condense" the books of five others into a sixth. But the modesty with which he avoids making any real discovery of his own is disarming. Not so modest nor correct is the assertion voiced by Arthur Fiedler in the book's introduction, that the Strausses' visits to America were overlooked before Pastene's book was written. So little were they overlooked that Johann Strauss's visit in 1872, vividly portrayed by his biographers, found its way even into the recent Broadway play "Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston." And even less comprehensible are Mr. Fiedler's remarks that here the lives and careers of Johann Strauss's younger brothers have for the first time found their due place in a book on Strauss. These relationships have been exhaustively treated by earlier biographers who have repeatedly stressed that no one Strauss could be considered apart from the others; for reasons of business as well as sentiment the music of the four Strausses was always intimately interrelated.

The best part of the book is its

(*Continued on page* 39)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE
Editor
NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN JOHN MASON BROWN
HARRISON SMITH
Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF JOHN T. WINTERICH
MARY GOULD DAVIS IRVING KOLODIN
JAMES THRALL SOBY

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Contents Copyrighted, 1951, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

The Number One Question

AT a Junior College in Lahore, the university city of Pakistan, I ran into trouble. In the question period following my talk a student of perhaps nineteen or twenty demanded the floor, then leveled a long and accusing finger at me.

"You have come to the wrong place if you expect us to believe your propaganda about America," he said in a tense and angry voice. "We know the truth about America, and we students protest your use of the platform of this college to try to pass off dishonest and untruthful stories about the United States. Since you have already spoken, it is too late to do anything about it. We can, however, enter a protest with the principal of the school for having invited you to speak. And we can demand that a representative or a supporter of the Soviet Union be permitted to come here and talk to us about conditions in that country."

As the student spoke the head of the college, seated at my right, was visibly disturbed. He got up and walked to the front of the platform, interrupted the student, then began to apologize to me publicly for what he described as an "unfortunate outburst."

"I ask that the speaker ignore this demonstration of bad manners," the principal said. "Here in Pakistan we give honor and not insults to our guests. I am sure I speak for the large majority of the students here in admonishing our ill-tempered and ill-mannered member."

It appeared from the general applause at this point that most of the students agreed with the principal. I regretted, however, that he had disciplined the student openly. Actually, the student was not to blame. I had set the stage for his protest by expressing the hope that everyone would feel completely free to take issue with anything I said during my talk. My purpose in coming to Pakistan was to have the fullest possible exchange of views. Accordingly, I assured the principal that I didn't feel that what the student said reflected in any way upon the hospitality of the college, and that I was anxious to have the student enlarge on his remarks. What, in particular, did he object to in my talk as being propaganda?

The student seemed reluctant to get to his feet, and I asked the principal to assure him that it was entirely in order for him to continue to speak as openly as he did a moment ago. The principal seemed a little dubious at first about my request, then instructed the student to comply with the wishes of the speaker.

"I am sorry if what I said was regarded as an insult," the student began, "and I am sorry if I seemed angry. But you can understand how disturbing it is to hear things that we believe to be false and how unfair it is not to be able to hear at first hand about the Soviet Union if we are officially assembled to hear about the United States.

"You have asked me what it is in particular I disliked about your talk. Much of what you said about the United States was very general. You tried to give us confidence in America's intentions in the world. Frankly, I believe you to be an apologist for the American people at a time when America is committing great crimes in the world. If you really wanted to be honest with us"—and here his voice took on the same tenseness and harshness it had when he had spoken the first time—"you would have admitted all the ugly things you do to people in America who do not happen to have a fair white skin."

At this point there were staccato shouts of approval and a short burst of applause. This emboldened the student, and he raised his voice.

"In America there are twenty million people who are called citizens but who are not citizens at all. They have been condemned as inferior beings and they are not allowed to participate in what you call your democracy. They do not enjoy the same protection under the laws you give to white people. If a colored person commits a crime, however minor that crime may be, he is apt to be seized by crowds. Your lynchings are the purest form of mob justice in the world.

"If a colored person becomes ill does he have available to him the same hospital and medical facilities as does the white? If he wants to travel somewhere is it not true that he is compelled to sit in a specially designated section, so that he will not contaminate the pure white travelers? Can the colored person sit down at the same school desk, at the same dining table, or register at the same hotel? Why do you insult the intelligence of the world by calling yourself a democracy when twenty million of your people are forced because of the accident of skin coloration to live in slums and eat inferior food and go to inferior schools and work at inferior jobs? Is this what you mean when you say that in a democracy the individual must be given every opportunity to develop himself and to fulfill his highest potential? Those are just words. Stupid, dishonest words, and you do no credit to yourself when you say them."

THE principal stood up and once again started to reprimand the student when I asked that he be allowed to complete his statement.

"I am grateful to you for your courtesy," the student said, "but I want you to know how I feel. Everyone of us sitting here feels the same way about your wicked and cruel race prejudice in the United States"—loud applause from the audience—"and every time we read about a lynching or about that very distinguished American, Ralph Bunche, not accepting a high position in the American State Department because he would have to live in Washington, where he would have to stay out of the best hotels and restaurants and accept the status of an inferior person in the very capital of the country he was called upon to serve—when we read about this, we shake our heads, sadly, then we shake our fists, because what you do is not only an insult to a great human being like Mr. Bunche, but a direct insult to all people in the world who do not happen to have white skins like yourself.

"Often we read about members of our Government and their families who have gone to the United States on official business and how they are openly insulted in the streets by ignorant and evil Americans and how they are turned away from hotels or deprived of seats in public transportation carriers or made to feel inferior. The chairman speaks of hospitality. You are entitled to it. But no country in the world offends the others with its lack of hospitality as does America. We are fully aware of the embarrassment felt by our people when they visit your so-called great democracy.

"Well, we will tell you one thing. We are not inferior. There is the entire Moslem world that is involved in this. And there are the peoples of India and China and Indonesia and Japan and South America. One day you are going to discover that you and your stupid prejudices are alone in the world and that the overwhelming majority of the world's peoples have decided that they have put up long enough with your fancy talk of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

superiority and your fancy airs and your evil discriminations."

The atmosphere in the small auditorium seemed supercharged. Under the whiplash of the student's emotional outburst the audience was being transformed into an angry entity. He had touched off something powerful and harsh in the group, producing a mass countenance of vengeful bitterness. The principal saw it and moved quickly to head it off.

"A question period is for questions," he said strongly. "If you have a question, ask it, but no speeches.

"I intended what I said to be a question." the student said. "Does the speaker deny that race discrimination and prejudice exist in the United States, and if so, how does he reconcile it with his general statements about democracy in America?"

The student sat down and smiled triumphantly in response to the murmuring approval of his fellows. Though the majority of the students may not have agreed with the tone and temper of his remarks, they seemed to be generally sympathetic to his basic argument. This did not surprise me. By the time I came to Lahore I had spoken perhaps fifty times at various public meetings in the Far East. And each time I had spoken, without exception, the issue of race prejudice in the United States came up. Out of the countless hundreds of questions that were asked me everywhere this was by all odds the one asked most frequently. Indeed, you could almost count on it to lead off any general question period, no matter what the particular subject matter of the talk happened to be. If I spoke about education in the United States or about journalism or about books or about American foreign policy, the first question was apt to be about lynchings or segregation. Nor did the auspices under which I spoke make much difference. Whether it was a gathering of conservative businessmen at a Rotary session in Bombay, or a small meeting of Government officials in New Delhi, or a conference of editors, writers, and publishers in Calcutta, or a teachers' college for women, or a convention of theologians, the question unfailingly came up. Generally, of course, it would be asked with far more tact and moderation than had just been shown by the young Lahore student, but it was just as deep and insistent.

Before leaving the United States I had been warned that this was something I could expect to encounter almost everywhere I went, but not until I had to contend with it day after day was I able to comprehend how strong and basic it is in the thinking of the Eastern people. I had thought from what I had read that our identification with the British in Asia or our own Far Eastern foreign policy would be the chief targets of criticism. These were of concern, certainly, but they were small matters compared to the criticism against us on color grounds. You were conscious of it in almost everything that happened. Day after day the local newspapers would play it up prominently on the front pages. Frequently the news would be distorted or exaggerated, and sometimes news items ostensibly having nothing to do with the problem of the Negro in America would carry some strained reference to it. The question would come up in polite and sometimes not-so-polite conversation. People seemed to have all the details about the exclusion of a colored applicant from a Southern university the day before, or the complete account of what happened when Indian or Pakistan individuals appearing in American public thoroughfares in their own national dress were insulted or accosted as freaks or dangerous foreigners. Not infrequently these critics claimed a great deal more information about the color problem than actually existed. I was astounded at the weird misconceptions of the nature and extent of the color problem in America. It was not unusual to find well-educated persons thinking in terms of the problem as it existed perhaps fifty years ago, making generalizations about the whole of the United States that were only true regionally.

IT SHOULD be obvious, of course, that color is the biggest telling point in Communist propaganda against America. The revolution in Asia today takes different forms in different places, compounded generally of the struggle for freedom from outside domination, of the longing for basic justice and opportunity, of the so-far losing fight against disease and enfeeblement. But through it all runs something constant and powerful. It is the quest for self-respect, a revolution of pride. It is the deep determination to end the Age of Indignity. This is a mighty and growing natural force which the Communists are putting to their own use. Forget everything else the Communists are doing or saying about us in their propaganda. Forget for the moment about the charges of atomic diplomacy, warmongering, aggression, and all the other stereotyped nonsense. All this is easily enough answered. The one argument we have yet to meet effectively is the one that touches Asian peoples where they are most sensitive and where they have a personal sense of involvement. Color.

—*Justus in* The Minneapalis Star.

"Time to Consult the Road Map."

I should have been very much surprised, for example, if there was no direct connection between the patent pro-Soviet feeling of the Lahore student and his mountainous resentment against America on color grounds. One might suppose that the natural antagonism between Communism and the deeply felt religion of the Moslems would act as a bar to Communist propaganda activity. Yet in Pakistan I found a surprising disposition in some quarters to accept at face value many of the rosy interpretations of life and politics in the Soviet Union, with a corresponding tendency to believe the worst about America. Behind these attitudes was usually the conviction that the Soviet was the champion of equality while the United States was the global headquarters of race prejudice.

What do we say when we are confronted with these attitudes and arguments? In my own case, during the early part of my trip I think I made a serious mistake in attempting an answer. I think I was overly circumspect, overly cautious and diplomatic, overly concerned about stepping on sensitive toes. After a while, however, I realized I would have to be completely direct and blunt, almost to the point of seeming militant. By the time I got to Lahore I was pretty well tuned up for the challenge.

I began in my reply by saying that, certainly, race prejudice exists in the United States and is a serious problem here. Having said that, it was important to make a distinction between the problem as it actually existed and the problem as presented by Soviet propaganda and as generally reported in the press, not excluding the influential *Times* of Pakistan. The condition of the American Negro was bad enough, but it did not even remotely resemble the deliberate exaggerations and distortions that were concocted for propaganda purposes and that were, unfortunately, so widely accepted.

Yes, race prejudice existed, I said, but did the students suppose that nothing was being done about it? Did they suppose that the overwhelming majority of the American people were not aware of the problem and were doing nothing about it? Did they know anything about the work of such organizations as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People under Walter White, a Negro

(*Continued on page* 27)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Red Barber, Force for Good

SIR: The analyst's couch may help me solve this.

I am a Goodman Ace fan who sits up nights reading delightful tidbits from his *SRL* columns to my friends—between innings of the Dodger games. I am an ardent admirer of Red Barber, that peerless broadcaster and telecaster who makes baseball much more than a game—a satisfying human experience.

I understand that the Giants and Yankees are major-league baseball teams accredited to New York City who are trying to prove their right to perform in the big time.

As one who has listened to Red Barber regularly for several years I can testify that he is factual, fair, instructive, and entertaining without a trace of hysteria or distortion in his makeup. He relieves the monotony of dull ball games with philosophy, humor, and some delightful language that will not be found in dictionaries. His highly developed sense of sportsmanship is reflected in the behavior of Dodger fans at Ebbets Field—because of his quick and sharp denunciation of anything that deviates from decency and fair play. He is not only an announcer—he is a force for good with all whom his voice reaches.

As a comedian in print Mr. Ace has a right to make jokes. And, like all people who make jokes, he strains at times to get a laugh. I listened to the broadcast of the entire game which he singled out for criticism ["Rhubarb for the Readers," *SRL* July 7] and am sure that all who listened in with me will agree that he has come up with some quotations out of context that put the picture out of focus. This is an old device not only of humorists but of politicians and writers who are seeking an effect. It makes for light and pleasant reading but not always for fair play.

Now I better hustle out and find an analyst—but not the one Mr. Ace is using.

DOLORES TAYLOR.

New York, N. Y.

As Moscow Sees It

SIR: This abstract from *The Moscow Literary Gazette* exemplifies the amiable way in which everything American has for some time been treated in the Soviet press. As *The Saturday Review* and one of its editors are singled out for abuse, this excerpt should be of special interest to your readers.

The issue of *The Moscow Literary Gazette* for April 24 of this year contains a first-page article entitled "The School of Literary Business" and signed by An. Tarasenkov. "The number of American books, which 'reveal' to the beginner 'guaranteed methods of literary success' is enormous," he writes, "and all of them have one purpose: to make money by fraud, shamelessly taking advantage of the young writer's desire for advice and help. The authors do not claim that by following their instructions one can become 'a master of the mind of contemporary America.' That is not their business. They respectfully leave it to people who are closer to those in control of the American trusts and banks, in the first place to the editors and publishers of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, the literary mouthpiece of Wall Street.

"Appeals which are by no means ambiguous are addressed from the pages of this weekly to young writers, although for the sake of propriety things are not always called by their names. The warmongers must have books containing open, but 'skilfully executed' propaganda of a crusade against the USSR and the people's democracies. And Harrison Smith, an editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, deplores the fact that too many young writers have chosen for their first books subjects tied up with the Second World War, whereas at this moment writers must 'create the mood in which people could meet the misty future.' This warmongers' flunkey lectures the writers at length about 'the unanimous resolve' of the American people to win yet another war. This 'significant shift,' the *maître* argues professorially, has taken place so gradually that few authors will consider it an important theme.

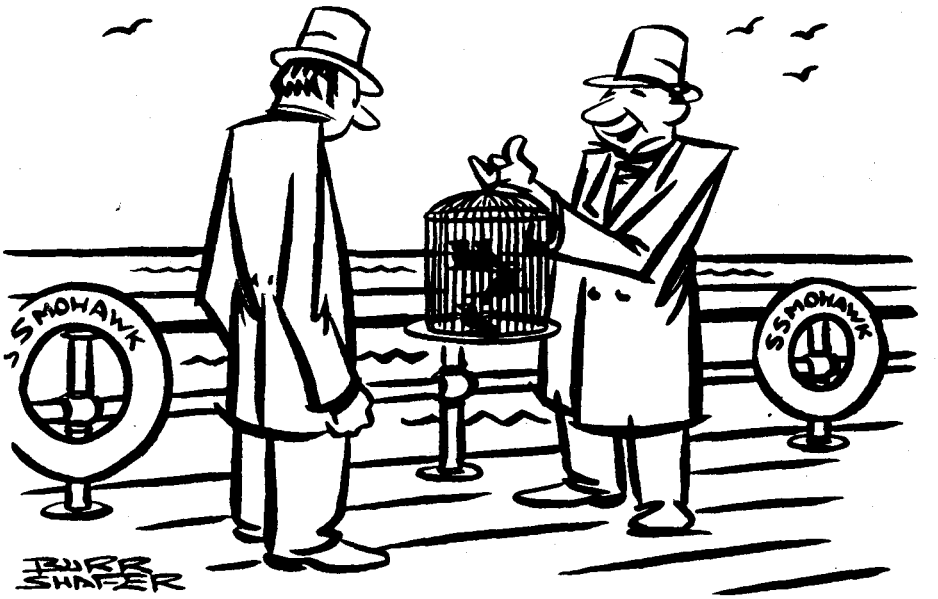
"Harrison Smith urges the young authors to create works celebrating American aggression. Such books as are available in the USA book market do not suit this inveterate warmonger. They are too poorly written. 'It is to be hoped,' writes Harrison Smith, 'that there will appear several authors who will take as keen an interest in the style of the book as in its subject.'

"Unlike the small-time businessmen who appear in the pages of *The Writer*, the editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* tells the young authors what to write and how to write, but he does not tell them where to sell their wares. He is well aware that those who will show sufficient deftness in following his advice are assured considerable fees and sales running into millions.

"It is impossible to write an honest novel about contemporary America without showing how the American people fight for peace, combat Harrison Smith's bosses, and struggle against the destitution to which the feverish armament race dooms the common people of the USA."

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY.

New York, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"They're English sparrows. I'm taking them home to Brooklyn with me."

Potential Shoplifter

SIR: There has been considerable discussion in the *SRL* concerning the plight of the retail bookseller. He just can't sell books at current prices. Why?

The answer is simple. If he provided a flat surface where a prospective purchaser could lay down packages, purse, umbrella, etc., to leave his hands free to leaf through a book; if he provided any kind of a chair and any kind of a light to facilitate the leafing-through process, he'd sell books. I have walked out of many a bookstore without buying simply because I didn't have an opportunity to examine the books. All flat surfaces are tilted to display the books. If not tilted they are covered with books offered for sale. There isn't a place where one may lay down a package, take out one's glasses, and look at a book.

My ideal book store is still to be found. It would have a few books scattered here and there on small tables near a good light and near an easy chair. Very close by there would be shelves with all the books offered for sale easily accessible. And my ideal clerk wouldn't eye me as a potential shoplifter and a certain waster of time.

NICOLETE MEREDITH STACK.

Webster Groves, Mo.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

SUR LES PONTS DE PERPIGNAN

PERPIGNAN.

MUSICALLY speaking, the city of Perpignan in the Pyrenées-Orientales corner of France is significant only for the refuge that the nearby town of Prades has given to Pablo Casals, a great musical figure of our day. When the cellist declared in 1945 that he would not play again in public until the world had rejected Franco's domination of his native Spain he captured the fancy of idealists everywhere. When he finally relented a year ago and consented to discourse his art for whosoever would make him a Mahomet he moved mountains of artistic attention to Prades, in the foothills of the Pyrenees.

This year the music-making has been relocated in Perpignan, an overgrown small town, because Prades was demonstrably unsuitable for the purpose assigned to it. Publicity has been widespread, and the affection in which Casals is held by the musical fraternity—string players especially—has moved such people as William Primrose, Paul Tortelier, Isaac Stern, Erica Morini, Rudolf Serkin, Myra Hess, Jennie Tourel, and Aksel Schiotz to set aside a sizable amount of time to make Perpignan a new focal point on the European festival map. Out of the month's activity and a considerable by-product of recordings earnings to provide a comfortable annuity for Casal's twilight years could emerge.

The harsh fact is, however, that some of these artists—and a larger percentage of the paying public—are not likely to come back another year if the events of the first weekend can be considered as criteria. Save for a few book and picture shops in the heart of Perpignan, there is scant evidence that a festival exists and less that it is in progress. As a symptom of local liaison, one may mention that the shift of date from June (until April all publicity had focused on a June opening) to July was occasioned by Casals's desire that his festival not give aid and comfort to an annual Perpignan "Festival d'Art Dramatique" in June. He has the way clear for this year; but it will not be due to the "cooperation" of local hotels, restaurateurs, and hack drivers if there is a renewal next year. All have proceeded, to vary a phrase, on a theory of "No business as usual," with rather disquieting effects on persons—and there are quite a few of them here—who have been saving for a year to make Perpignan the central point of their European summer.

In the aftermath of the first concert (in which Casals played a Bach suite, Myra Hess and Isaac Stern played Mozart concerti, and William Primrose joined the latter in Mozart's "Symphonie Concertante") and another terminated by rain halfway through (because no one had made provisions for such an "untoward" happening) the prognosis could hardly be a hopeful one. The whole thing, it seems to me, has placed an intolerably heavy burden on the slight shoulders of the seventy-four-year-old Casals. This year's orchestra is less efficient, in the general opinion, than last year's, and Casals does not have the temperament to make cohesion out of chaos. To vary the metaphor, one imagines that he could make superb music on any adequate cello; but he can scarcely build one—or an orchestra.

There were many wonderful moments in Casals's Bach—and a good many ragged ones—as there were deft touches and some coarse tonal gradations in the Hess Mozart. Stern's performance of the Mozart G major Concerto was bright, energetic, and quite overwhelmingly sensitive, as was his performance of the "Symphonie Concertante" with Primrose. In each, however, the surrounding musical design provided by the well-meaning but hardly expert orchestra directed by Casals moved in an aura of amateurism—semi-professional at best—hardly consonant with the intercontinental propaganda developed on behalf of the enterprise.

Improvisation is attractive in its place, not least in music; but hardly when it involves the comfort, health, and good will of a thousand people. At that, "improvisation" is a generous term for the lack of foresight which exposed listeners at the second concert to a thorough drenching when rain fell—as it did all over Perpignan—on the open court in the primitive "palace" of the kings of Majorca. Messrs. Stern, Primrose, and Tortellier had spent dozens of hours preparing the great E flat Divertimento of Mozart as one of the features of the series; but it was rained out that night and irreplaceable the next because Stern and Primrose, depending on assurances that "it never rains in Perpignan" during July, had booked engagements far away for the immediate future. At that, they could have gone through with the performance had not a local functionary called the whole thing off midway in the evening without consulting the principals involved. Marcel Tabuteau, first oboe of the Philadelphia Orchestra, had left an unforgettable impression, considering the circumstances, with his performance in the wonderful quartet (K.370); but rain has never been considered an adjunct to fine oboe playing, even in Perpignan.

Among the various bridges crossing the stream that bisects Perpignan, there is unquestionably an important if invisible one concerned with the future of this festival. Unless a will to planning, organization, and more functionalism on a plane appropriate to its pretensions supplants the present fumbling and inefficiency there is little valid reason for urging anyone's attendance. If for none other than several practical reasons, Perpignan itself should certainly consider whether X mille francs is left here or elsewhere in France by music-minded tourists.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

—Musical America.

Pablo Casals—"an unforgettable impression."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SRL Goes to the Movies

HOW BAD MOVIES ARE BORN

"Our latest picture is so bad I'm afraid to release it—the only thing we can do is palm it off on television."

A few weeks ago I wrote in these columns describing "St. Benny the Dip," a particularly mediocre little film: "Perhaps Damon Runyon could have done something with the idea, but it was clearly beyond the powers of anyone employed on this picture." That is the sort of flippant line a film critic will often use to dismiss a movie, basing his judgment on what scholars refer to as "internal evidence." Obviously, the critic thinks that if the producers *could* have done something better they would have. In this instance I discovered recently that I was wrong.

It isn't very often that critics have the opportunity to go behind the scenes on a production and learn at first hand just where a picture gained its strength or why it soured. By the time he sees the film the people who made it have in all probability scattered to a dozen different studios. And, anyway, the critic is supposed to judge only the completed work, what the audience will see, not the skill with which the sound technician twirls his dials or the producer pares his budget. But every film critic—and probably every moviegoer as well—has at one time or another asked himself on leaving a theatre, "Why in the world was this thing ever made? What could the producers have seen in it to make them want to risk thousands of dollars on its production?"

True, these questions do not normally fall within the critic's province; but their answer, at least in the case of "St. Benny the Dip," is curiously informative, a clue to the reason for many of the bad pictures we all see. By chance a copy of George Auerbach's original screenplay for "St. Benny" came to my attention. I read it and found, to my astonishment, that it was really very good. Unlike the film, which is a feeble attempt at comedy, the original is quite serious, the characters three-dimensional and interesting, the theme thoughtful and mature. And, again in contrast to the film, the script had taste.

A few days later I met Auerbach himself, a slim, elderly, quietly humorous man. He had written innumerable scripts, he told me, most of which he has managed to sell, but "St. Benny" is one of the few that have been produced. "And what do you think of it?" I asked cautiously. "I haven't even seen it and don't intend to," he replied. I supplied him with details of the innumerable differences, large and small, between his script and the completed picture, then asked him what had happened. The story goes something as follows.

Auerbach had written his script from an idea suggested by an item in *Time* magazine several years ago, something about a confidence man who had hid out successfully for months in the vestments of a priest. In developing this story Auerbach played with the notion that, no matter what a man was to begin with, to make good his disguise he would have to act the way others expected a priest to act and that this would eventually bring about a change in his own character. Auerbach multiplied *Time*'s criminal by three and, because his story was in a way something of a parable, set the period back to the turn of the century.

He wrote his screenplay with the actors for his unholy trio firmly in mind. Marlon Brando was to play Benny, Monk would be Louis Calhern, and Roland Young, Matthew, the oldest, suavest, and most sinister of the three. He obtained commitments to do the picture from each. David Raksin, one of Hollywood's better composers, had already begun to sketch out the musical score. Auerbach, at one time a producer on the MGM lot, firmly intended to produce his script himself.

Now, financing a picture in Hollywood is a very tricky thing. First the producer must obtain "front money," money that is used to secure the film's stars and the script. On the basis of that security the actual production money is advanced. But unless "end money" can also be raised, money used to cover expenses should the film exceed its budget, that production money is not forthcoming. Although "end money" is rarely actually used and its rates are usuriously high, it normally carries with it the right of the lender to dictate changes in script, casting, and virtually every production detail. In this instance Auerbach could have gotten his "end money" only by dispensing with Brando (who had not yet made "The Men" or "Streetcar Named Desire") and Louis Calhern (this was before his appearances in "The Asphalt Jungle" and "The Magnificent Yankee"). Auerbach preferred to sell his script outright to the Danzigers instead, a pair of independent producers. And with that sale the author lost all control over his story.

The Danzigers seemed to like his basic idea, three con men disguising themselves as priests and running a

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Apollo. Bacchus. Ceres. Daphne. Europa. Fortuna. Ganymede. Helen. Iphigenia. Janus. Kedalion. Leda. Mercury. Niobe. Orpheus. Pandora. Quirinus. Rhea. Sisyphus. Tantalus. Uranus. Vesta. Woden. Xanthus. Ymir. Zephyr.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF • STEPHANIE AUGUSTINE
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44 St.
Eves. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25

R & H

Presented in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
ROGER RICO
MARTHA WRIGHT
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK • DIOSA COSTELLO
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC, West 44 St.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"A VASTLY ENJOYABLE MUSICAL COMEDY!"—Atkinson, Times
A NEW MUSICAL
SHIRLEY BOOTH / JOHNNY JOHNSTON
in
A Tree Grows In Brooklyn
Air-Cond. ALVIN THEA., 252 W. 52nd St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

Leland Hayward presents

Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT • RUSSELL NYPE
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. IMPERIAL, 241 W. 45th St.
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

Bowery mission as a blind. But for box-office purposes they brought in Dick Haymes to play the Marlon Brando role. While Roland Young can be sinister, he is better known as a comedian; Lionel Stander, another comedian, was hired to team with him as Monk. Then the producers figured —why go to all the expense of building sets and getting costumes for a period picture? By making it present-day, shooting it on the streets of New York, and letting the actors wear their own wardrobes they could save considerable time and money.

All of these little departures from Auerbach's original conception of "St. Benny" necessitated comparably little changes in the original script, so a new writer, John Roeburt, was engaged. Now there could be more changes. Linda, the girl, became a pert, competent commercial artist living in an East Side housing project instead of a hard, embittered, flamboyant street girl. Her father, in the original a pathetic, dying alcoholic, was turned into a comic drunk. Since Dick Haymes is known better as a singer than an actor, a scene had to be written which would give him the opportunity to vocalize. And the Reverend Father who originally permitted the deception, trusting in the cloth to do its work, now roams the city in search of his miracle, accompanied by a repulsive young novitiate who is actually used as a comic stooge. All of this, of course, to give greater "audience appeal" to "St. Benny the Dip."

What comes out, what we see on the screen, is a picture that will prove offensive to many, painful to some, and satisfactory diversion to no one at all. In searching for sure-fire entertainment devices the producers have carefully amputated from the original script all the values, all the qualities, all the individuality that might have made "St. Benny" an interesting and worthwhile evening at the movies—all of the things that must have attracted them to the script in the first place. I apologized to Mr. Auerbach the other day for the remark in my *SRL* review. He had in his script really "done something with the idea." But so have the Danzigers—they murdered it. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

"A lusty comedy"—ATKINSON, Times
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
The ROSE TATTOO
A new play by
Tennessee Williams
Directed by DANIEL MANN
with MAUREEN STAPLETON ELI WALLACH
Setting designed by BORIS ARONSON
Costumes designed by ROSE BOGDANOFF
Incidental Music by DAVID DIAMOND
Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
MARTIN BECK W. 45 St. Air-Cond.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center
"SHOW BOAT"
starring
KATHRYN GRAYSON • AVA GARDNER
HOWARD KEEL
with JOE E. BROWN
MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION
Robert Sterling • Agnes Moorehead
William Warfield
Color by TECHNICOLOR
From the Immortal Musical Play "SHOW BOAT"
by JEROME KERN and OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Based on EDNA FERBER'S Novel
Screen Play by John Lee Mahin
Directed by George Sidney
Produced by Arthur Freed
An M-G-M Picture
ON THE GREAT STAGE — "SUMMER MEDLEY" — A gala new revue, produced by Russell Markert . . . settings by James Stewart Morcom . . . with the Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble, Rockettes and the Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Raymond Paige.

ROXY
7th AVE. & 50th ST.
Doors Open 10:30 A.M.
Scientifically Air-Conditioned
The story of GIRLS ON THEIR OWN!
for the first time!

20th CENTURY-FOX's
TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL
Technicolor
starring
Jeanne CRAIN
Dale ROBERTSON
Mitzi GAYNOR
Jean PETERS
Dir. by Jean Negulesco
Prod. by Julian Blaustein
Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein
Based on the Novel by Peggy Goodin

On the GREAT STAGE
"ON THE BOARDWALK"
SPARKLING
Ice Show
and VARIETY REVUE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV and Radio

2,591 YEARS OF "PROGRESS": THALES, PALEY & SARNOFF

1951 (June 25)—First commercially sponsored color television program broadcast by CBS over a five-city cable hook-up (New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington); only thirty color receivers available in New York area to receive the one-hour program costing $10,000 and paid for by sixteen participating sponsors. System used was non-compatible, mechanically developed by CBS, and first approved by FCC.

1951 (July 9)—RCA conducted first wholly successful test transmissions of its all-electronic, compatible color system, which RCA engineers predicted would eventually become the standard for color television. For compatibility the black-and-white picture received on existing sets from these color transmissions was superior to that obtained with conventional b-&-w output.

In some such fashion Orrin E. Dunlap, Jr., probably would record these significant dates and events should he ever write a sequel to his invaluable book, "Dunlap's Radio & Television Almanac" (Harper & Bros.), which ended with a November 1, 1950, entry.

Mr. Dunlap, as befits a true almanackian, reports concisely the "Men, Events, Inventions, and Dates That Have Made History in Electronics from the Dawn of Electricity to Radar and Television"—a phrase which is the subtitle of his book. Therefore, scanning his sequel, you would not read, for example, that the first commercial colorcast showcased top CBS personalities Arthur Godfrey, Garry Moore, Faye Emerson, Ed Sullivan, and Patty Painter—"Miss CBS Color"—among other entertainers; nor that William S. Paley and Frank Stanton, respectively the chairman of the board and the president of CBS, joined with Wayne Coy, chairman of the FCC, in signalizing the historic occasion; nor that Tenderleaf Tea, Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, Duz, Ivory Soap, Chase & Sanborn Coffee, Lincolns and Mercurys, Revlon lipsticks, Pepsi-Cola, and Toni Home Permanents were displayed and advertised by the colorgenic models and the stars.

Reading between the lines of all Mr. Dunlap's lively entries, however, from first to last you would adventure upon more than a dead sea of chronology. The author is a senior member of the Institute of Radio Engineers, a vice president of RCA, and he was, formerly, the first radio editor of *The New York Times*. He is the author of ten other books about radio, television, wireless, and radar: he evidently has a chronicler's passion for the anatomy of communication's past, and he has been some thirty years in making this compilation.

There is entry Number One, for example: "640 B.C.—Thales of Miletus observes that amber attracts straws when rubbed; thus the word 'electricity,' for the Greeks called amber 'elektron' because of its sunny luster." There is the doughty "What hath God wrought"—first message over the Morse telegraph circuit in 1844. There are Marconi and Zworykin, Edison and Bell, Edward VIII and Howard Hughes, the *Titanic* and the *Squalus*, Roosevelt and Graham McNamee, Orson Welles and Michael Faraday. There are 350 years of modern excitement over space, time, and energy and the last half century of jet-propelled acceleration in the theory and technology of the communication sciences.

And now—color television, the CBS apex, the RCA zenith.

"Swift is the pace of science," writes Dunlap, "and there is every indication that the pace will quicken in the next fifty years. The radio and television which we know today will be just as different in the year 2000 as the Marconi wireless of 1900 compared with the television of 1950." No doubt—and engineers are trained to speak an exact language—but as a humble non-scientist who doesn't know an erg from an ohm, without even the right to add B.A. to his name, I assert that progress is more than a matter of calculus.

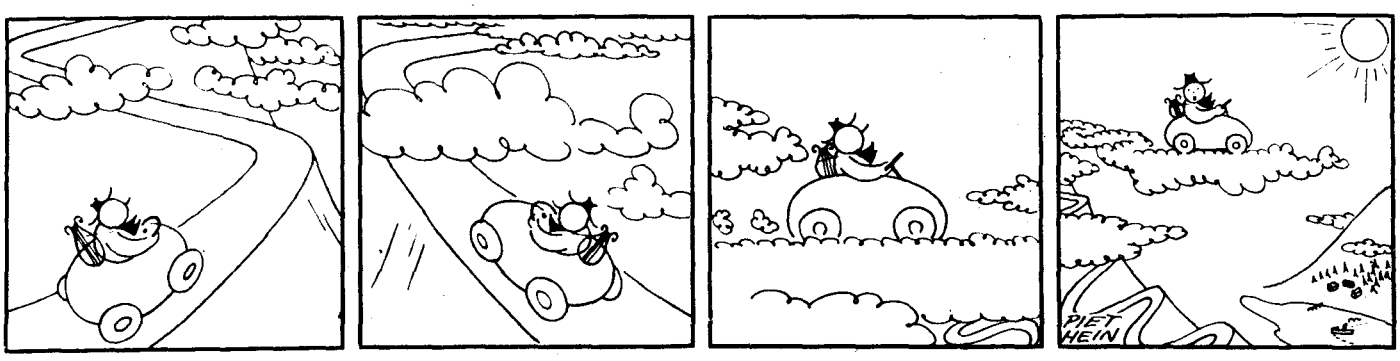
A quickened pace, yes; larger screens, sharper definition, international reception, theatre-TV, subscription-TV. Elaborate it as you will—this (meaning color) is it. The thrill of discovery is over—landfall; the rest is exploration and exploitation. A man can stand where he chooses and see and hear and talk with another man hours and miles away in the total actuality of the latter's presence—form, face, voice, gesture, tint, and shade. Page Thales of Miletus, Aristotle, Socrates, Plato, Galileo, Copernicus, Columbus and relate it.

Surely this is something for man to shout to the stars. The long, patient cavalcade has touched the lodestone. The lonely inspirations, the fantastically rudimentary gropings, the slow accumulation of operational knowledge in many lands and multiple tongues, the handing down, the brotherhood of science, the crescendo of invention, experiment, abstraction, finance and mass-production has thundered at last to the great, final downbeat: achievement.

All honor to the doers and their historian. It is a fantastic, a fascinating story, from Sir Isaac Newton (England) to David Sarnoff (United States). And yet—in the echo of the great chord—a wistful wondering: Arthur Godfrey, Patty Painter, a Toni hairwave, Faye Emerson. The entertainment values represented by these or their equivalent RCA, ABC, MBS names are destined to comprise the chief burden borne on the colored ether. The pleasure provided by these values may not be decried in a convulsive, chemicalizing time of troubles.

And yet surely there must be something more. It cannot be that for this alone the scientific wizards of Western civilization have prophesied and labored. Where are the Franklins, Voltas, Armstrongs, De Forests, Goldmarks, Nipkows, and Jolliffes who will dedicate themselves to the search for utilitarian methods of transmitting in color the spiritual, philosophic, and esthetic treasures of the centuries? And where are the entrepreneurs with vision and courage who will find ways to make such transmission profitable? Where, in short, are the incentive and know-how to use the miracle of mass communication to unlock the creative storehouses of people as well as electrons?

—Robert Lewis Shayon.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

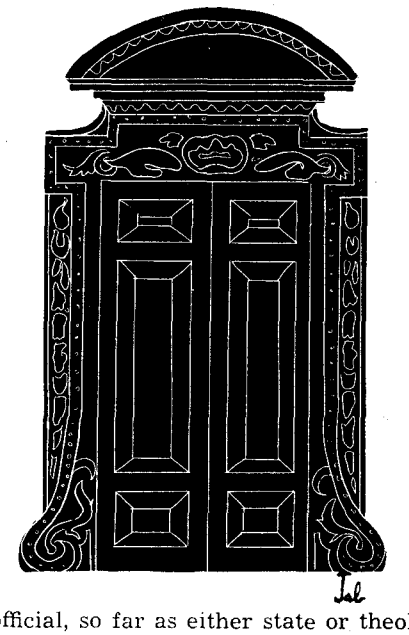
NUMBER ONE QUESTION

(*Continued from page 21*)

himself and one of the most respected and influential American citizens? Were they familiar with the reports of the NAACP, which made it clear that greater progress had been made in the past fifteen years than in the previous fifty? Were they aware of inspiring advances which indicated that America was well on its way towards eliminating the evil of segregation? A slow but steady integration was taking place—without widespread violence. Educational opportunities were increasingly in evidence. Many states had prescribed penalties against job discrimination on racial grounds. The hideous denial of the ballot box to colored American citizens was being abolished. In town after town throughout the South Negroes were being elected and appointed to public office. Old taboos against Negroes in professional sports were practically extinct. The nation's finest prize-fighters were Negroes. In baseball the man who was probably the most popular player in the game today was a Negro. In literature, science, philosophy, religion, music, the dance, Negroes were making outstanding contributions and enjoyed the esteem of their fellow-Americans.

Now this progress wasn't fast enough or deep enough—admittedly—and it could never be fast enough to suit many millions of Americans who were aware of the challenge and who had been working for many years to meet it and who would not be content until it was completely solved. But the important thing was that they *were* at work on it, that historic progress was being made. The important thing, too, was that the Government itself was not a party to the crime or the party behind the crime, as happened in Germany with respect to race and religious prejudice under Nazism. Indeed, the executive branch of the American Government had been in the role of prodder to get action by Congress and the States in removing racial barriers.

But the problem of prejudice, I went on, was not a uniquely American problem. It was a human problem. It existed inside people. It was the problem of inferiority and superiority. It was that corrupting and corroding experience that took place inside a person when he arrogated to himself certain privileges which he denied to others on the basis of what he liked to think were nature's own laws. I was deeply disheartened, for example, by the prejudice and discrimination I had seen on the Indian sub-continent. In the leading hotels of Bombay, owned and operated by Indians, was posted the sign, "South Africans Not Admitted." Among Indians themselves, I frequently found discrimination according to color and caste as severe as any I had observed in the United States. National laws had been passed against the inequities of Untouchability, yet many of the evils persisted. What was worse, many of the Untouchables were willing parties to the social contract of prejudice. In Pakistan, and I hoped that those present would correct me if I was wrong, I had found evidence of religious intolerance and prejudice. This was nothing



official, so far as either state or theology was concerned, but it was there just the same. There was an unfortunate attitude of superiority of religion that inevitably made for prejudice. So far as minorities were concerned, there was a distinct prejudice against Sikhs.

I brought this up not by way of admonition, nor even by way of using the glass-house theory to obtain immunity from criticism. I brought this up only by way of indicating that the problem of prejudice knew no national boundaries. To a large extent it was a common problem. Perhaps all peoples working together inside the United Nations might be able to contribute to the self-understanding that would have to go into the making of any basic attack on the problem of prejudice—racial, social, religious, economic, political. Perhaps such a common effort might be more constructive than the destructive and often ill-informed criticism that served only to enlarge misunderstanding and therefore prejudice.

This was my attempt at an answer which would be neither apologetic nor self-righteous. I was gratified by the response of the students, especially when it led to a friendly post-lecture discussion with the student who had asked the question in the first place. He said he was satisfied with the answer but felt that we were at fault for not making our story known all over the world.

There was certainly no argument about that. —N. C.

TIME, SPACE...

(*Continued from page 17*)

Lion" (alas, the last we shall have from that hand) the suspension of disbelief is never quite so complete, mainly because within the story the machinery is disproportionately heavy to the results produced, as though one crushed a beetle with a thirty-five-ton tank. Or are they? What are angels? May it not be that the forms of this earth are in fact representations of elemental forces, which may some day wish to project themselves into fuller reality to the possible detriment of man? Mr. William's interweaving of idea and incident is so intricate that much of what he says will escape until the second reading. But the second reading gives no pain, so what of it?

De Camp's "Undesired Princess" is fantasy used for humorous purposes; it is all about a country which is really ruled by Aristotelian logic—that is, a thing is or isn't round, red, tall, old, or magical, and no gradations. The point is made early; the rest is just fun and pretty good fun. The intention of Milton Luban's "Spirit Was Willing" is also fun of the Thorne Smith slapstick order, most of it not too badly done, though Mr. Luban cannot see why he should avoid the slightest impulse to wisecrack. The odd thing is that all this is mixed up with serious preachments against racial intolerance and Hollywood cultists, and a still odder thing is that astrologers are specifically exempted from his strictures.

IT IS doubtful whether the publishers' jacket announcement that L. Ron Hubbard is the founder of Dianetics will bring many readers to the two fantasies (out of what he must regard as his disreputable past) which are published as "Typewriter in the Sky." This is a pity, because, in spite of some overwritting and Mr. Hubbard's usual haste, they represent a high-level sampling of the stories he produced for the old *Unknown*. The title story is a gorgeous take-off on the best-seller version of the romantic historical novel and a good story, to boot; "Fear" is a genuinely spine-chilling excursion into demonology.

Of the collected shorts there is not much to be said about Basil Wells's "Doorways to Space" except that it is science fiction and fantasy on a level to attract adolescents. One of the anthologies, "Every Boy's Book of Science Fiction," does try to attract them and probably won't; at least, any friend of science fiction will hope it doesn't attract them. With a single exception every story in the book belongs to the prehistoric days before 1937, when science fiction consisted mainly in the description of wonderful objects. Robert Spencer Carr's "Beyond Infinity" plays around with such familiar

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

themes as a speed beyond that of light, those potential visitors from Mars and Venus, and postatomic mutants; but he gives each theme a completely novel twist.

The other two collections deserve special attention. Ray Bradbury's "Illustrated Man" because of all science fiction writers he probably commands the widest public and also because it contains at least four really first-class stories, memorable not only for the ideas they embody but also for their legitimate human values. Lewis Padgett's "Gnome There Was" belongs right beside the Bradbury volume; it contains two of the best science-fiction stories ever written—"The Twonky" and "Mimsy Were the Borogroves."

OF THE remaining anthologies "Journey Into Infinity" is only a little less successful than last year's "Men Against the Stars," under the same editorship; it is an imaginative history of mankind from the remote past to the remote future, as seen by different authors. It has gaps and almost irreconcilable views, which the earlier anthology did not; and the deduction is that science-fiction writers are either less interested in or less successful in imagining what mankind will be like than in what kind of machines he will produce.

"Adventures in Tomorrow" consists of stories of the future. Whether the best future stories have already been knocked off by other anthologists or whether the editor simply could not make up his mind to take one line, it is neither coherent nor satisfying, and with a few exceptions (Clark's "Portable Phonograph," Sturgeon's "Memory") it contains not even very good stories. It is a relief to turn to "Great Stories of Science Fiction." The stories may not all actually be "great," but it is an excellent anthology, predicated on the theory that a story can be science fiction and still be a very good story. Most of the tales in this collection will be familiar to the fans because they have been spread around a good deal previously. But what of that? This is an anthology for the general public, an introduction to the new field of literature for those who wish to find out what all the shooting's about.

It would be unfair to conclude any report of recent science fiction without mentioning one book which is by no means fictive—Willy Ley's "Rockets, Missiles, and Space Travel," technically a revised reissue of a book he published during the war but actually a completely new work, the last word on the subject, basic for every science-fiction reader and writer, and composed with the usual Ley simplicity, accuracy, and good humor. If the fiction bores you read the facts and marvel.

Fletcher Pratt is a prolific writer of science fiction and also the author of several books on naval and military history.

The Film Forum

FOUR HITS

The *Saturday Review's* Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What a pleasure in a season of sober documentaries and grim experimentals to have these four fresh films to review! By combining external aspects of reality with inner wit and warmth these new releases avoid the usual pitfalls; they are sparkling and bold in the face of reality and revealing rather than obscure in their introspection. With free use of rhythms, poetic comment, and bared emotion at first glance they invite the label of "experimental films." But they are films, not experiments. Instead of breaking their own backs bending away from possible recognition, understanding, and appreciation, they reach out toward the audience creating a new plane of participation midway between the filmed activity and the seated spectator. They are direct, warm, and inviting; few adult audiences can fail to greet them with open arms. For all their virtues it might as well be made clear here and now that these little films do not belong anywhere in grade-school curricula.*

LOONY TOM (The Happy Lover). *Written and directed by James Broughton. Distributed for rental and purchase by A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19. (12 min.)*

This is an hilarious exposition of a mad and lovable hero's ceaseless but pleasurable pursuit of happiness. The film begins at cock's crow when Tom (expertly mimed by Kermit Sheets) ups from the bushes and cavorts his way into the marshmallow affections of a handsome married miss (Gertrude Harris), into a yardful of young farm girls, and into the overpowering embrace of a haughty dowager; intermittently he is instrumental in setting two earnest lovers on the real road to romance.

While the film has any number of intriguing implications it is foremost an invigorating comedy. Loony Tom cuts his private capers like a Chaplin in Marx Brothers' clothing. Costumed in the period of 1900, the film recalls the carefree spirit of Mack Sennett movie days—a spirit not easily aroused and which money obviously cannot command. The only narration is a catchy song about two dozen lines long (" . . . love will come tooting only if free. And only to me . . ."). Ralph Gilbert has composed a thoroughly appropriate piano accompaniment to this enjoyable little film.

ADVENTURES OF JIMMY. *Production and distribution as above. (12 min.)*

Here are the marvelous earth-bound excursions of a youth ("nearly full grown") in search of what he "really wants in life." From here on the *double-entendre* is fairly easy to follow, although third- and fourth-hand meanings may be less so. However, the film bubbles along at an easily followed pace, ending quite safely at home.

James Broughton in addition to writing and producing the film takes over as protagonist, acting his part with felicity. His reading of his humorous life-story commentary is a kind of Dwight Fiske rendition on film. Weldon Kees arranged and plays the lively musical accompaniment, and Frank Stauffacher deserves honorable mention for his work at the camera.

FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON. *Production and distribution as above. (15 min.)*

Four short lyric films comprise this small but solid serving. The episodes are based, with filmic distinctiveness, upon poems from the producer's "Musical Chairs," published in 1950 by the Centaur Press. Chamber-music accompaniment by William O. Smith emphasizes mood and structure in each case.

The film is made up of the following sections: "Game Little Alice," a dreaming child's counting rhyme; "The Gardener's Son," a youth's impressionistic reverie about love and beauty; "Princess Printemps," a delirious maiden's spring fever; and "The Aging Balletomane," nostalgia on the back porch. Except for "Princess Printemps," which is sure comedy, these episodes are not contrived to make the audience laugh aloud. But the seriousness is not overserious, for Mr. Broughton knows that a shrug of the shoulder can be both impressive and important. While this is the most ambitious of Mr. Broughton's current productions, more nearly in the vein of his earlier "Mother's Day," the ease and flow of the film as a whole make it lively as well as weighty.

MUSCLE BEACH. *Produced and directed by Irving Lerner and Joseph Strick. Words and lyrics by Edwin Rolfe. Distributed for rental and purchase by Brandon Films, 200 West 57th St., New York 19. (8 min.)*

Muscle Beach seems to be a real place in California, where tawny and sinewy men and women gather to flex and flaunt their bodily goods. The high-bar performers, the weight-lifters, reducers, and other gymnasts are good meat for the film editor's slicing and splicing machines. Employing unusual camera angles, rapid cutting, and a happy breathless commentary composed and sung by Earl Robinson, "Muscle Beach" has the playful style and speed it needs in order to be original and entertaining. Film groups will find it a welcome fillip for their programs.

—CECILE STARR.

For a copy of the list of SRL Film Referral Libraries please write to Film Department, Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEMOCRACY'S TRUE RELIGION

(*Continued from page 7*)

ways for the *what* of a global faith, men bet their lives on it as they do on other Gods, and on the record it functions no less divinely than any other believed to shape human ends. On the record "God" is no less fitting an appellation for this *what* than for any that churchmen so name and require laymen to bet their lives on, to worship and adjure.

The religion of science and democracy is no less a religion than any other; the God of its devotions is invested with powers operationally no less supernatural and no less subject to being denatured into a sacred cow. In certain respects, however, it is a new species of the genus religion. For, being the religion of religions, all may freely come together in it, each the peer of the others and equal in rights and liberty. New ones may securely join the old; the old may alter in doctrine and discipline without fear or favor. Being the religion of religions, the faith in equal liberty must assure to each and all equal freedom of association and worship, whether public or private; it must stop all suppression and silencing as an assumption of infallibility repugnant to the religious life. It can continue as the religion of religions only so long as it rules that a church, be it hierarchical or congregational, national or local or claiming to be universal, is no more entitled to suppress or otherwise coerce the personal conscience than a lone believer is entitled to impose his authority on a church.

CONSEQUENTLY, the religion of science and democracy concedes the claims of none to the possession of infallible truth and exclusive holiness. It refuses the resulting social policies which make of social institutions walls of impassable separation from the different, isolating "sacred" from "profane," "true believers" from "misbelievers," and making totalitarian claims of authority over the consciences and conduct of all men. The religion of religions works as a free and growing union of all sorts of societies of believers, who hold to their multitudes of doctrines and disciplines and diversify them as their intercommunication suggests might enhance their common liberty and security. It concedes no greater power or privilege to its experts in the sciences of man and of nature than to the laymen of the faith. It could not qualify as the religion of religions unless it rejected the invidious distinction between the "religious" and the other vocations of man, unless it asserted "the priesthood of all believers." In doing that it consummates that liberation of belief from tyranny over conscience which the Protestant Reformation initiated. It endeavors to establish as fact that equality before God which other religions pretend as faith or deny.

Because of these traits it has been deprecated and attacked as "secularism." In the discourses of the denominational clergy—Catholic, Protestant, and Judaist alike—this secularism is now appraised much as is appraised another religion which in its works and ways but not in its God is a blood brother of the denominations. This other religion is of course "atheistic Communism," with its totalitarian pretensions to infallible universality, its spiritual and physical isolationism proscribing the different, its clergy of bureaucrats, its censorship, its Index, and its inquisition. Naturally, nothing could be more at the opposite pole of religion to "secularism."

But in the history of religions, churches have long held a privileged position vis-à-vis other societies. The priests and ministers have themselves been somehow so sanctified by their vocation as to be taken for a caste apart, because of their sacerdotal office exempted from duties required of other men and privileged to live under a different law. They were presumed in learning their vocation to have acquired superior powers that entitled them to receive as a craft special consideration from the state, from the economic establishment, and from the entire laity. During antiquity and the Middle Ages the priests of a place were often exclusively the rulers of the place. Well into the nineteenth century there were in Europe religious establishments with the status and prerogatives of sovereign states. The Roman See was one such until the Risorgimento and became so again after the Concordat with Mussolini. Tibet is one such of ancient lineage, and there is a fanatical will among certain orthodox Judaists in Israel to abort that new nation into a sacerdotal state.

Most free countries have in the uneven course of their movement toward democracy as a way of life and science as a way of thought more or less modified the privilege of clergy. They aspire to recognize all vocations as equally holy, equally free, and peers of one another before the law. Having observed that justice for each religion depends upon detachment from all alike, they have, therefore, sought the completest possible separation between church and state. They have learned with Benjamin Franklin that "when a religion is good . . . it will support itself and when it cannot support itself and God does not care to support it, so that professors are obliged to call for help of the civil power, it is a sign . . . of its being a bad one." This entire trend toward equalization is, not incorrectly, attributed by clericalism to secularism and is condemned as "secularization."

In the United States it was early recognized that only the complete separation of church and state could ensure the equality of different churches in freedom and right and replace the invidious conflicts of the cults with the mutual toleration, respect, and aid in which peace consists. This was the judgment of Thomas Jefferson, of James Madison, and of George Washington. It was a judgment accepted for the Federal Union by the makers of the Constitution and written into the First Amendment. It was made law for the States of the Union by the Fourteenth Amendment and is confirmed again by recent decisions of the Supreme Court that neither state nor Federal Government may pass laws "which aid one religion, aid all religions, or prefer one religion over another."

But sacerdotal organizations, whatever their derivation and structure, are naturally loath to part with their prerogatives. This reluctance is expressed in their charges against secularism and secularization, in the way they have of attributing to the democratic process and the scientific discipline all the ills that people complain of. It is expressed in their endeavor to reattach to the privileges they still retain—such as tax-exemption—privileges they have lost—such as the control of education or at least the restoration of their diverse and singular cults as subjects of instruction in the public schools.

THE Roman Catholic hierarchy has been notably aggressive in this respect, so much so as to alarm American non-Catholics of every denomination. The Catholic spokesmen have declared war on both the theory and practice of separation between church and state, and the princes of the hierarchy have publicly denounced the judgment of the Supreme Court and declared their intention to overthrow that judgment. Moreover, while they insist at home that the Roman Church is solely a church and not a state, they demand that abroad it shall receive the prerogatives of a state. They demand that the United States Government send to Vatican City a perma-

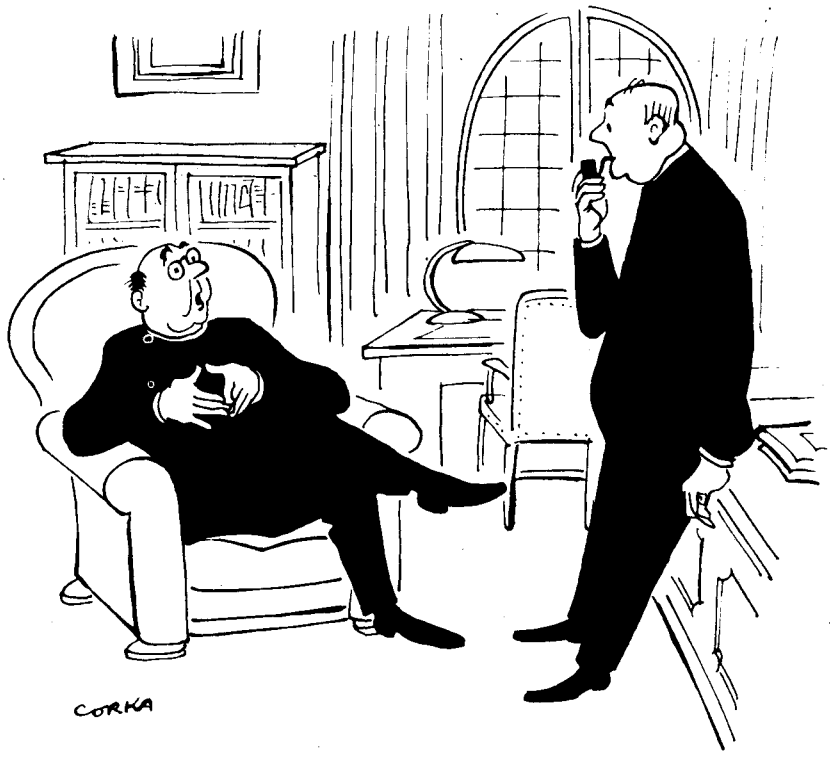
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nent emissary of ambassadorial rank and power, such as for over a decade Myron C. Taylor had been entrusted with.

Vatican City is the present capital of an ancient sacerdotal state, with sovereign powers definitely re-established also in Italy by the Concordat with Mussolini and always claiming other powers much more imperial and, whenever conditions permitted, exercising them. To send such an emissary would in effect be to recognize the Roman Catholic Church as a state. It would have the consequences of implying, as is sometimes charged, dual citizenship to Roman Catholic laymen and making of all priests of that church, especially the ruling hierarchy, agents of a foreign government. Opponents to the sacerdotal project argue that if the Roman Catholic establishment is a church it has no title to an ambassador; if it is a state it has no title to the protection of the laws assured to purely religious societies; if it is a church-state it must, they argue, either dissolve its political claims in its religious functions or subordinate its attributes as a religion to its requirements as a state. It is not, they insist, entitled to have its cake and eat it too.

But this privileged status is precisely what the Catholic, and some Protestant, interpretation of "freedom of religion" postulates. It calls for the recognition by the state not of the liberty of the personal conscience, not of the individual's right of private judgment which secures him from the aggressions and coercions of sacerdotal authority but of the liberty of a priestly craft, calling themselves "the teaching church," to impose its authority, willy-nilly. According to this sacerdotal argument freedom of religion is freedom for churches to operate under their own laws, such as the canon law, as corporate bodies with sovereign powers, hence entitled to disregard the common law with impunity and to claim religious intolerance when such a violation is charged.

Thus any non-religious group prosecuted under the law for playing bingo has been guilty of the secular sin of gambling; but when bingo is played at a Catholic church for churchly ends it is an act of religious piety—apparently both the virtue and the guilt of bingo accrue by association. Again, an American parent believing in the Roman Catholic religion has an equal right with parents who are Baptists, Quakers, Methodists, Presbyterians, Judaists, or members of any one of the hundreds of other faiths which people the land to send his children to the public school. If, however, he exercises his right he is guilty of a very dangerous sin. The canon law prescribes that ecclesiastical authority shall compel the education of children in parochial schools. The suppression of the parent's right by clerical coercion is claimed to be "freedom of religion." The charge that it constitutes a violation of the Constitution is protested as the bigotry of a secularism which has no place for "God in the educative process."



"I never thought I'd be able to retire—but I've just received the most amazing offer for my button collection!"

When an effort is made to discover what precisely "God" means in any of these expressions it regularly turns out that it means the word which accompanies the doctrines and disciplines, the practices, possessions, privileges, powers, and pretensions of this specific corporation of clergy and no other. In terms of what actually occurs in the course of any man's day "God" means both the rationalization and instrument of an occupational guild pushing for prestige and power among other men. "God" means the front of symbol and sentiment behind which clericalism works to establish its own supremacy. Thus, speaking through the clergy, God commands nothing that the clergy fear or do not desire; nor forbids anything that would favorably affect their corporate survival and growth. This is why, whatever their denomination, when clerics charge "godlessness" or "irreligion" to this or that institution or person they charge beliefs and loyalties that do not serve their corporate interests. (The Communist and Fascist denominations use a different vocabulary but are obviously moved by a similar intent.)

THE quarrel of all with secularism turns out on examination not to be a quarrel over religion at all. Secularism is religion. Religion is not the antithesis to secularism but the antithesis to clericalism. Secularism opposes "the priesthood of all believers" against the special interest of "the teaching church." It favors the betting of one's life on equal liberty for all men to believe, to inquire, to hear, and to teach—against the exclusive authoritarian claims of a special occupational class. On the record it is secularism that guarantees freedom of religion and preserves its life at the source—in the act of faith of the private conscience. On the record it is secularism which endeavors to keep the ways of life open for any idea of God a believing heart may discover or devise.

Such a God is, as history shows it to be for the clerical interest as well, a working hypothesis; we may not—so says William James—make for it "rationalistic and authoritative pretensions." For, he points out, there is "no scientific or other method by which men can steer safely between the opposite dangers of believing too little or too much." They have bet their lives, and the *what* they have bet on is not a sure thing. Such sureness as they may win resides in their freedom to believe and to change their beliefs.

Secularism is the religion of this freedom, the antithesis of all totalitarian "liberty of religion," whether clerical black, Communist red, or Nazi brown; secularization is the achievement of the knowledge and skills which bring its divinity into the daily lives of men. The other names for secularization are science and democracy. The process of it exemplifies an observation of the mystic Angelus Silesius: "I know that without me God cannot live a moment; if I am destroyed He must give up the ghost."

H. M. Kallen is professor of philosophy at the New School for Social Research, New York City. His books include "Individualism: An American Way of Life" and "The Liberal Spirit."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRITAIN

(Continued from page 11)

he is frank and fearless in offering his own opinions, fair and patient in defining his terms, and so casual and uncontroversial in making his points that the reader is lulled into agreement. It would be difficult to attack the views advanced in these sixteen essays without seeming fractious and reactionary. He castigates the civil service so amiably he seems to be defending it; he outlines the aims that should inspire a new educational curriculum so plausibly they seem self-evident; he analyzes the concepts of democracy and nationality and the ideas of Rousseau and Comte with charm, insight, and detachment. His concluding credo, "What I take for granted," is couched in such prudent, undogmatic terms it recalls the aphorism that England cannot have a revolution because the Socialists would not allow it. One forgets that the British have actually embarked on a "cautious revolution" as a result of such innocent formulas.

—GEOFFREY BRUUN.

MORALS SINCE 1900. *By Gerald Heard. Harper.* $3. Gerald Heard, prolific commentator on pain, sex, time, God, and flying saucers, addresses himself here to the problem of morality. Magnificent achievements mark the man of the twentieth century in every department of life except one. He is a genius at invention, an expert at economic production, and a master at controlling his environment. But his morals are inferior. The moral prestige which formerly attached itself to the gentleman of Western civilization, and especially to the English gentleman, has steadily declined and by now has almost completely disappeared. The author traces this disappearance in five separate spheres—force, sex, wealth, the given word, and thought.

He believes that applied science (*e.g.*, contraceptives) has undermined the mores which once operated in these areas. Pure science, on the other hand, may help us to rediscover the principles of social cohesion. Mr. Heard proceeds, therefore, to discuss the moral effects of pure research in cosmology, biology, anthropology, and psychology. He concludes his book with a short treatment of three criteria of civilization—law, education, and health—and with the thesis that what the lawyer and the teacher have failed to do the doctor, who by now has largely supplanted the priest, may also fail to accomplish.

This, in short, is a pessimistic book. It is also a disorderly book. It contains some interesting insights, but many of its observations are more clever than sound. Random comments on civilization are no substitute for sociological analysis. The book does not measure up to the importance of its theme. —ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department. The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 30¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BACK NUMBERS

NIELSEN'S BACK NUMBER SERVICE. Send want list. 7308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. ABRAHAM'S MAGAZINE SERVICE, 56 East 13 St., NYC.

LANGUAGES

LINGUAPHONE MAKES LANGUAGES EASY. At home learn to speak French, German, Russian, an Oriental language—any of 29 languages by quick, easy Linguaphone. Conversational Method. You learn by listening. Save time, work, money. Another language is a business, social asset. Send for FREE book. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 2607 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC 20.

BOOKS

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1902. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE—History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. Inquiries invited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

THOUSANDS OF BOOKS on hand. If I haven't got the one you want, I'll find it. DELLA MONTGOMERY, R. No. 6, Box 53-B, South Bend, Ind.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA's, 15 Ann St., NYC 38. Oldest old book shop in NYC.

THE HISTORY OF THE FOWLERS, $10. 876-1950, Arms in colors, order from Christine Fowler, compiler, 312 Washington Ave., Batavia, N. Y.

ALFRED NEUMANN: "Viele heissen Kain." Stockholm 1951. Cloth $2. MARY S. ROSENBERG, General Agent of Neuer Verlag, Stockholm. 100 West 72 St., NYC 23, Dept. 22.

WE FIND BOOKS FOR YOU, including old and out-of-print titles. Send us names of books wanted and authors; we locate and write you price. No obligation on your part. THE C. C. GIESE CO., 128 Light St., Baltimore 2, Md.

CLASSIFIED

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

SCARCE BOOKS LOCATED. Write to BOOKMAILERS, Wood-Ridge, New Jersey.

LITERARY SERVICES

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 18.

WRITING BOOK, PLAY, STORY, THESIS, article? Style-improving, editing, criticism, collaboration, research, translations. Also secretarial services. Recommended leading authors. SARA CLYNE, 49 West 56 St., NYC. Circle 5-7735.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. Plaza 3-1364.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colo.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Efficient, Economical, Prompt. GLADYS — IRENE LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publicaton. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sendng manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC. 18.

GHOST ARTIST—spot drawing, cartoons, strips, bookjackets, wash. Box 444-H.

BOOKLETS PRINTED at reasonable rates. Cash in your ideas. Write: EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS PRESS, Bx-7, Adams, Massachusetts.

WILL READ and meticulously discuss 60,000-word novel for $35. ($5 for 10,000 words.) Can tell where it lags, is not deeply enough imagined, etc. Novel-writing dies away from solitariness. That's where I come in, with literary insight and long writing experience. Box 481-H.

PERSONALS

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D.C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information).

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense weekends from $10.43 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

GOOD USED BOOKS. 50¢-$1. Buy where libraries buy! Postal brings list. EDITIONS, Dept. R, Hempstead, N. Y.

QUIET, IRREVERENT CITYPHOBE greets gentle, considerate, thinking miss. Box 769-G.

(Continued on page 32)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 31)

WILL GENTLEMAN, genuine, educated, moral, write middle-aged woman, scintillating, discriminating, disillusioned. Box 473-H.

EUROPE IN 3 WEEKS, all expense $695. Fly both ways. Paris, Switzerland, Italy, the Riviera. Small group, expert leader. Request itinerary. Box 474-H.

JOIN THE SHAW SOCIETY of England—Americans invited! Irving Fiske's pamphlet, "Bernard Shaw's Debt to William Blake," with Shaw's commentary, 10¢. Free membership details. Write SHAW SOCIETY, 25 Steeplestone Close, London N. 18, England.

LADY, professional, well-educated, member government staff, interested music, art, books, theater, dancing, invites correspondence mature, intelligent gentleman, similar interests. Box 475-H.

BUSINESS WOMAN, young, would correspond with young business man. Box 477-H.

FEMALE, mature, interested people, books, world events, nonsense. Will similar male write? Box 478-H.

TEACHER, 38, attractive personality, desires August position seashore—mountains, N.Y. area. Excellent hostess, loves children, versatile, musician. Box 479-H.

GENTLEMAN, varied interests, invites correspondence from challenging, imaginative young ladies. Box 480-H.

SUMMER RENTAL: furnished suite, lovely secluded country home, 13 miles George Washington bridge, summer theater, golf, country clubs. $25 weekly. Box 489-H.

15-ACRE COUNTRY ESTATE, charming old 10-room house, excellent condition, landscaped, guest house, pool, brook. $22,000. Emily Vail, Warwick, N. Y.

YOUNG MAN'S INTERESTS include letters from young women. Box 485-H.

COMFORTABLE HOUSE, 4 bedrooms, available August, rental $300. Excellent swimming, lovely country. Wrinch, Woods Hole, Mass.

LADY, lonely, interesting, wishes correspondence from mature gentlemen. Box 487-H.

SWEET THING, somewhat young, somewhat bright, desires mail. Box 488-H.

YOUNG M.D. doing research NYC. Desires swap occasional baby-sitting, chauffering, etc. exchange room or board. Box 482-H.

FOR SALE: Private beach in Maine woods with 4 cottages. Good fishing, boating and bathing. Box 466-H.

YOUNG MAN wants companion with car to visit summer theaters. Box 467-H.

BACHELOR, 33, able scientist, robust, adventuresome, interested humanities. Pond growing shallow and muddy; seek unspoiled grounds, useful labors. Box 468-H.

WOMAN WRITER, Ph.D., 14 years teaching experience Vassar, Sarah Lawrence, desires congenial work NYC, doing writing, editing research. Box 469-H.

COMPETENT SECRETARY, pleasant companion, good driver, wants appropriate, diversified position. Unencumbered. Box 470-H.

MOTHER 2 boys wants job boys' school, secretary and/or house mother. Box 471-H.

FEMALE, engaging personality, desires correspondence with mature male with sense of humor. Box 472-H.

LADY, unusual background, languages, wishes sincere correspondence with mature gentleman, Box 463-H.

MAN WANTED to direct museum in large upper Midwest center. Dynamic, growing program of regional scope, with talented staff and large group of volunteer workers, needs administrator with some museum experience who is also an effective speaker and diplomat. Starting salary: $4,400, plus benefits. Send full experience and references to Box 439-H.

PERSONALS

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $3.50 to $6.50, doubles from $6.50 to $11; special weekly rates. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave., NYC 17; ELdorado 5-7300.

SICK OF SLICKS? Then A.D.'s yours. Quarterly. $2.00 yearly. 109-S Greenwich Avenue, NYC 14.

TO FOSTER GOOD WILL. Free instruction course by mail in the Catholic religion. No obligation. Write: Catholic Information Society, Dept. S. 214 West 31 St., NYC.

POSITION WANTED: secretary, assistant, driver, etc.; reliable young man. Box 455-H.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN occupying small, beautiful Bucks County home only weekends, would share same with 1—2 congenial people on year-round basis. Car essential. Write fully. Box 464-H.

SUMMER APARTMENTS (2), new, furnished, refrigerator, private. On creek. Near Minnewaska. Kerhonkson, N. Y. Mrs. J. R. Pengelly. Kerhonkson 3202.

PHILOSOPHER doing year's research, wife, child, dog, desire rent house, N. Y., environs, Sept. 1. Box 443-H.

LADY ACCOUNTANT, possessing sense of humor nevertheless, welcomes correspondence with middle-aged cultured gentleman. Box 446-H.

VIVACIOUS, lonely, dancing femme invites letters from older cultured professional gentleman. Box 447-H.

LADY, settled, understanding, educated, pleasant, good sport, lonely. Box 449-H.

SARDONIC dilettante allowing of intermittent intellectual peregrinations, would entertain reciprocative communications from distaff side, with view towards establishment of dichotomous correspondence if mental rapprochement appears plausible. No assurance offered of immediate reply, but eventual response quite possible. Box 462-H.

TEACHER, summer student, feminine, liberal, welcomes correspondence from mature professional gentleman. Box 456-H.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH awaits reply from a lady fair. Box 457-H.

APARTMENT, piano, Manhattan, Aug.-Sept., garden, inexpensive, interesting. Box 458-H.

SANTA FE home owner desires furnished house Sept. through June, within 40 miles of NYC. Mother and 2 well-behaved boys, 9 and 10. 2 or 3 bedrooms. Box 459-H.

NAVAL OFFICER IN KOREA desires interesting female correspondence. Box 460-H.

HAWAII EMPLOYMENT SUGGESTIONS! Airmail experience details, $1. Box 166, Honolulu, Hawaii.

FOR SALE, WHEELOCK, VERMONT, Cape Cod summer cottage, large pine-panneled living room, completely furnished, all modern conveniences. Mountain top, superb 50-mile view of White Mountains, altitude 1,660 feet, complete seclusion. 185 acres. For details write Howard A. Cressman, Wheelock, Vt., or William H. French, Peddie School, Hightstown, N. J.

EDGARTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS: Beautiful home on shaded lane for rent at attractive Island resort. Modern equipment, sleeps 10. Also artist's studio, 7 beds, electric kitchen. John Trask, Edgartown, Telephone 518.

MANHATTAN APARTMENT DESIRED by writer, Smith graduate, Manhattan references. August. Moderate. Box 434, Durham, N. C.

YOUNG GRADUATE STUDENT seeks witty female correspondent. Box 454-H.

NATIONAL WEEKLY MAGAZINE would be interested in interviewing some competent stenographer-clerks for its business department. People interested in writing the great American novel, becoming editors, feature writers, radio broadcasters, or television stars please do not apply. Box 490-H.

PERSONALS

I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address: Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

MATURE GENTLEMAN wishes correspondence with sincere ladies. Box 425-H.

FORBIDDEN TO ENJOY real luxury by champagne tastes, beer pocketbook? You too can afford a lovely, lustrous strand of GUARANTEED cultured pearls from the living oyster. Imported directly from the Orient. Buy for yourself, for gifts. Only $23.95 (tax included). Wonderful value. Beautifully boxed. Order today. OVERSEAS COMMODITIES CORP., 26 Custom House St., Providence, R. I.

LIBERAL REWARD is guaranteed in an uncut stone wrapped in a cage of gold. Send for Catalog SR, ARTHUR KING, 679 Lexington, NYC.

FROM PARK AVE. to Battery Place—MANHATTAN STORAGE & WAREHOUSE CO. has thousands of satisfied customers. For the lowest possible price Manhattan offers the finest moving, storage and mothproofing services. Telephone Mr. Star, REgent 4-6700 (NYC) for FREE estimate.

BE A MONEY MAKER . . . Use your home as magazine headquarters. Liberal commissions. No experience, no capital needed. Everything furnished. Write for FREE Catalog. McGREGOR MAGAZINE AGENCY, Dept. 750, Mount Morris, Ill.

VACATIONS

Tremendous record library and perfect phonograph will reproduce your choice of music. SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y.

WORKING HARD? Try refreshing country greenery, with ocean swimming and golf nearby. Delicious food, exceptional hospitality. Moderate rates, vacation or weekends. Mrs. Neil Francis, 414 Central Ave., telephone Spring Lake, New Jersey. 2-7343.

LANIER - ON - THE - PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Tranquility, garden, river beach, arts and crafts and gift shop. $50.

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt., provides best in country vacations.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

NAIDNI ON LAKE DUNMORE—a place of rare simplicity and charm for vacations any time of year. Booklet on request. Brandon, Vt.

CANADIANA LODGE, Gravenhurst, Ontario (famed Muskoka Lake district) offers best in Canadian vacations.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL. Lucullan food. Trout streams. Country splendor. Brandon, Vt.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Excellent accommodations. Swimming, private beach. Sports. Restful, informal. Library. Delicious meals. $38 weekly, up. Folder.

BERKSHIRES, SUN-INSIDE, MONTEREY: "Where French cooking is an art and resting is a pleasure." Also transient meals.

SCHROON CREST, informal adult camp, on Schroon Lake in the Adirondacks. Telephone NYC, MAin 4-8570.

SPLENDID VACATION SPOT, informal, friendly, home-grown food, water sports. BRIDGE ROAD FARM, Lake Bomoseen, Vt.

SCRIBNER HILL FARM, Oxford, Maine. Lake, mountains, fine view. $40.

Beth Gardner's BLYTHEWOOD on beautiful Loon Lake in the Adirondacks invites you to spend inspiring vacations. Theatre festival, Art and Dance instruction, all sports, modern accommodations. Write today for folder to BLYTHEWOOD, Chestertown, N. Y. or Betty White, 130 West 42 St., LOngacre 4-7533.

BLUESPRUCE LANDING, West Brooksville, Maine. Quiet country vacation. Private beach.

MERRIEBROOK, POUGHQUAG, NEW YORK. Peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. North Clove 2421.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 905

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Anglo-French dress designer, arbiter of French fashion for 30 years (1825-95).	138 99 77 14 128
B. Russian city where first complete Slavonic Bible was printed, 1581.	163 66 61 120 59 4
C. Belief in hidden or mysterious powers and the possibility of subjecting them to human control.	12 169 41 74 121 53 181 160 91
D. In India, scarf of silk or muslin, often with gold or silver threads.	165 119 47 28 8 158 111
E. A small cord covered with cloth, sewed on a seam to strengthen it.	148 176 144 55
F. One of the Fates (Greek myth.).	54 155 2 168 68 65 38
G. A mouth, gaping or wide-open as in terror.	6 1 157 34 105 130
H. One of the largest ten cities of U.S., 1950 census.	131 58 180 170 73 42 67
I. A hangman's noose (2 wds.).	45 87 39 70 114 84 21 175
J. Celebrating victory.	10 82 126 27 129 95 112 16 52
K. Ancient Roman jug or pitcher with one handle.	88 162 98 63 13 17
L. Nurse of Florence Dombey, called "Spitfire," in "Dombey and Son."	116 173 76 152 147 89
M. River about 1330 miles long, central Asia.	26 110 62 140 164
N. Ratite birds of the genus *Struthio*.	108 177 134 48 81 71 142 92 32
O. Industrial city in France, noted esp. for ancient Roman monuments, etc.	109 20 64 3 75
P. Colossal gold and ivory statue by Phidias of Greek goddess of wisdom; with "Parthenos."	122 172 135 51 79 5
Q. Famous leader of the Oxford movement (1801-90).	97 19 25 183 117 100
R. A kind of calculus (math.).	113 56 161 86 156 69 166 23 106 149 43 83
S. "Point" in N. Y., on upper end of Lake Champlain at Canadian border.	153 24 159 182 33 101
T. Collaborator with Marx on the "Communist Manifesto," 1847.	115 31 22 49 150 11
U. Deathlessness; immortality.	132 118 35 96 127 171 50 107 124
V. Publisher of first complete English Bible, Southwark, 1535.	174 179 57 36 93 7 136 44 30
W. Famous Danish astronomer (1546-1601; full name).	137 133 141 9 85 18 125 90 15 37
X. A collision; a striking together.	94 123 178 143 80 102
Y. Not concerning himself with the details of this world.	154 104 78 145 29 40
Z. The northern region of cold and darkness (Norse myth.).	146 103 60 151 139 46 72 167

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

1 G		2 F	3 O	4 B	5 P	6 G	7 V		8 D	9 W	10 J		11 T	12 C	13 K	14 A
15 W		16 J	17 K		18 W	19 Q	20 O	21 I	22 T		23 R	24 S	25 Q		26 M	27 J
	28 D		29 Y	30 V	31 T	32 N	33 S		34 G	35 U	36 V		37 W	38 F	39 I	40 Y
41 C	42 H	43 R	44 V		45 I	46 Z	47 D	48 N	49 T	50 U	51 P	52 J	53 C	54 F	55 E	56 R
57 V	58 H		59 B	60 Z		61 B	62 M	63 K		64 O	65 F	66 B	67 H		68 F	69 R
70 I	71 N	72 Z	73 H	74 C	75 O		76 L	77 A	78 Y	79 P	80 X	81 N	82 J	83 R	84 I	
85 W	86 R		87 I	88 K	89 L		90 W	91 C	92 N	93 V	94 X	95 J	96 U	97 Q		98 K
99 A	100 Q	101 S	102 X	103 Z	104 Y	105 G	106 R	107 U	108 N	109 O		110 M	111 D	112 J	113 R	
114 I	115 T	116 L	117 Q	118 U	119 D	120 B		121 C	122 P	123 X	124 U	125 W		126 J	127 U	
128 A	129 J	130 G		131 H	132 U	133 W		134 N	135 P	136 V	137 W		138 A	139 Z	140 M	141 W
142 N		143 X	144 E	145 Y	146 Z	147 L		148 E	149 R	150 T	151 Z		152 L	153 S	154 Y	155 F
156 R	157 G	158 D		159 S	160 C		161 R	162 K	163 B	164 M		165 D	166 R	167 Z	168 F	169 C
170 H	171 U	172 P	173 L	174 V		175 I	176 E	177 N	178 X	179 V	180 H	181 C	182 S	183 Q		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Exclusive performances of superb musical variety on Columbia (LP) Records

ROBERT
CASADESUS
Plays
MOZART PIANO CONCERTO No. 27
In B-Flat Major (K. 595)
SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI conducting
the Philharmonic-Symphony
Orchestra of New York
Columbia (LP) Record ML 2186

A COMPLETE METROPOLITAN OPERA ASSOCIATION PRODUCTION
GOUNOD
FAUST
Marguerite.....Eleanor Steber
Faust.....Eugene Conley
Mephistopheles.....Cesare Siepi
Valentine.....Frank Guarrera
and others with Fausto Cleva conducting the Chorus and Orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera Association.
Columbia (LP) Set SL-112
(Boxed with Libretto)

MAHLER
Kindertotenlieder
KATHLEEN FERRIER
and The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by
BRUNO WALTER
Columbia (LP) Record ML 2187

GERSHWIN
VARIATIONS ON
"I GOT RHYTHM"
and
Second Rhapsody for Piano and Orchestra Preludes I, II, III
OSCAR LEVANT
with Morton Gould and his Orchestra
Columbia (LP) Record ML 2073

DEBUSSY
IMAGES
WALTER GIESEKING
Columbia (LP) Record ML 2188

Columbia (LP) Records
First, Finest, Foremost in Recorded Music

Trade Marks "Columbia," "Masterworks," ®, (LP) Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marcas Registradas

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SRL RECORDINGS SECTION

HIGHLIGHTS

Page

TURNTABLE TALK WITH ARTHUR HADDY
By Irving Kolodin 35

TWO FAUSTS
By Jacques Barzun 37

THE SPAWN OF LP: WESTMINSTER
By C. G. Burke 38

ASSORTED AUSTRIAN SWEETMEATS
By Wilder Hobson 41

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By Roland Gelatt and Cecil Smith 42

THE OTHER SIDE
By Irving Kolodin and Thomas Heinitz 46

Turntable Talk with Arthur Haddy

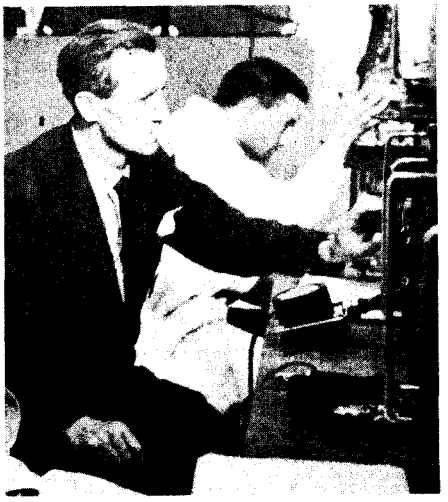
IRVING KOLODIN

WHAT are the chances of anyone associating the brassy blast of a trombone on an Ansermet recording of "Petrouchka" with the sound of a submerged German submarine? A hundred thousand to one? A million to one? It would be hardly greater or less than the chances against giving the RAF Coastal Command an assist in the development of London's (Decca's to the English) ffrr technique. A series of conversations recently with Arthur Haddy at the company's establishment in the non-central part of London called West Hampstead threw considerable light on these and numerous relevant things.

It was with mutual smiles that we met, for the idea had been bucking back and forth across the Atlantic since one knew there was a Haddy at the controls of some of London's most notable sessions. (Not all, by any means, for Haddy is only the senior member of an expert team that includes Kenneth Wilkinson, Arthur Lilley, Cyril Windebank, and Victor Olof, the company's classical music adviser. John Culshaw, a rising young assistant, also sits in on some sessions. A few short weeks ago the roster would have shown a place of prominence for Harry Sarton; his sudden death gave rise to so many varied expressions of regret over here that one can only conclude he was an exceptional fellow.)

Haddy, however, is the most articulate of the group, if the deliberate, precise speech of a Berkshireman can be so described. Mid-fortyish and graying, Haddy turned out to be medium tall, medium weight, and medium in manner. Spectacles, of course, and a cigarette in hand. Great keenness about his subject, plus a willingness to talk about it by the hour. Background: straight engineering. Musical knowledge: mostly pragmatic, picked up on innumerable "sessions."

"I've been with Decca, you might say," said Haddy, "even before Decca was. By that I mean I was working with a smallish recording firm called Chrystalate in this very building before Decca took it over. Before that I had gone to high school and been apprenticed to a radio company as an engineer. That went up the spout in the early Thirties, and I was lucky to hitch on with Western Electric. Then came Chrystalate, and after that Decca." Whatever the lacks in Haddy's education, they had been made good by vast practical experience, including election to the Institute of Radio Engineers as an Associate Member. In place of degrees and doctorates he presented a thesis on recording heads.



Arthur Haddy, left [with Arthur Lilley assisting at the controls]: "You develop a sixth sense."

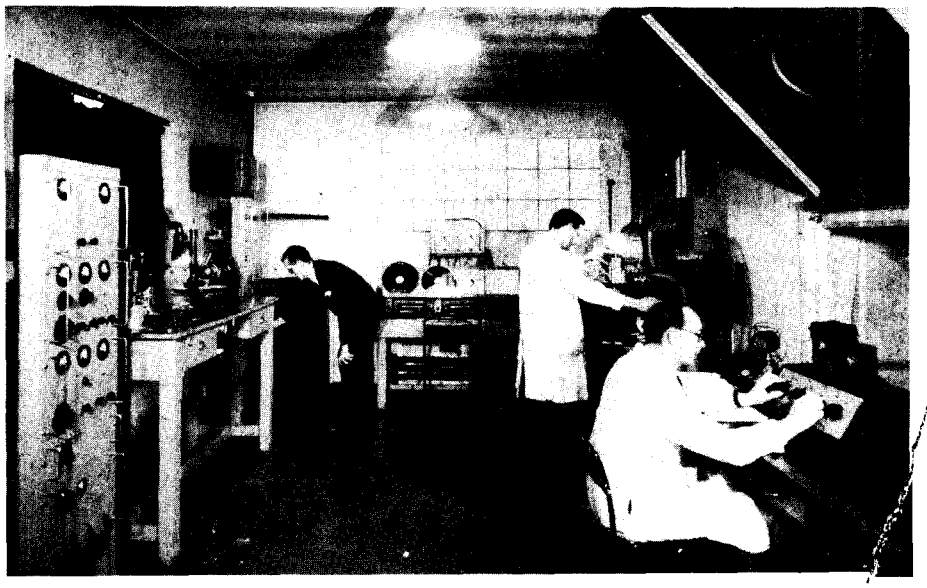
Asked to locate the beginning of high-fidelity recording, as he knew it, Haddy replied: "It was about 1938 that we first started playing around with it, but the time wasn't right. We didn't have all the proper components (cutting heads, amplifier circuits, etc.) and had to lay it aside."

"How about the German techniques as we heard them on the 1935-36 Telefunken discs? Did they have much influence on your development? It has always sounded so," I challenged.

Haddy smiled. "The Germans reached a peak about that time, yes, and they were doing fine-sounding recording. But it was mostly through a clever use of room tone. They've always had a fantastic gift for getting records to sound—fine workmanship all along the line. But they cut off pretty well around 6,000 cycles—not what you would call real high fidelity. I've always admired their taste with room tone, and tried to equal or improve on it. But high fidelity is something else again." Implied, but unmentioned, were such matters as overtones, enrichment of the partials, and the other life-giving properties of high fidelity.

Cigarette No. 1 was gone and another took its place. "The Germans did have

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Haddy, Lilley, and Kenneth Wilkinson in the Decca-London laboratory—"It took more than a little tinkering."

a damn lot to do with it, but not the way you would think. During the early Forties we were turned around pretty much to war work. In '43 the Battle of the Atlantic was going badly, and the Coastal Command came to us for help. It was all top secret at the time, but that's all past now. They had discovered about this time that the only accurate way to tell the difference between a German submarine running submerged and one on our side was by the sound of the wash going over the propeller. You wouldn't think it possible, but experiments with captured U-boats had proven the point quite conclusively. What Coastal Command [the service which operated the offshore air patrol charged with keeping the sea approaches to the British Isles clear] wanted was a recording that reproduced this difference so faithfully that the discs could be used in classes to teach airmen to differentiate between theirs and ours."

He took a draught on the cigarette and reviewed months of work in as many seconds. "That meant high fidelity and the chance to conduct all necessary experiments under the best possible conditions. We went all out on it, in a way that probably would have taken years in peace time. When we had what Coastal Command wanted, we had what we wanted too . . ."

"Naturally," one surmised, "it took more than a little tinkering to adapt the technique to musical reproduction."

"More than a little, more than a lot," confirmed Haddy. "Some of our competition claim they had done the same thing before. Maybe so. I don't know, and I certainly don't want to run them down. But I don't think anybody did it as consistently as we did. We keep trying to improve cutting heads, the circuits we use, various aspects of the whole technique. But when you've gotten to a certain point improvement comes slowly."

The Coastal Command and wartime exigencies explained something about ffrr, if not the identity of the genius who contracted the initial letters of "Full Frequency Range Recording" to make what is probably the most celebrated phonographic trademark since "His Master's Voice" became HMV. (I later learned that the credit for this belongs to Harvey Schwartz, a top-level Decca executive who is, among other things, an American!) But it left unexplained such other things as microphone placement, monitoring, the mentioned matter of room tone, etc. How about single vs. multiple mike technique?

"FOR orchestral work we always use several mikes, the number depending on scoring, the place we're recording, etc. With one mike you might get a nice total sound, but by the time you've gotten far enough back to get a blend the woodwinds are apt to sound a little thin and distant. With three or four you can arrange them to satisfaction, balance each one and know that you are getting everything you want." This conformed to what was by now almost universal practice, and merely added one more authoritative voice to a general chorus.

"As to monitoring," said Haddy, "we never do it. When the channels have been balanced so that we are getting everything in proportion we turn the session over to the conductor. From then on it's his performance. Of course, if something is scored very heavily, or if it's too soft to pick up, we call attention to it on the playbacks and he makes adjustments accordingly. That's where the conductor's art comes in."

The high level of Ernest Ansermet's artistic work for Decca-London was a logical sequitur. Haddy beamed at the mention of his name. "What a charming man," he exclaimed, "and a fantastic conductor. He has such discipline over the orchestra that everything which should be heard can be heard. The men of his Suisse Romande Orchestra revere him like a god. We have just done the Schumann First Symphony with them, and it was one of the happiest sessions I ever attended. The men couldn't play enough, and when it was all over everybody was smiling." A switch of locale to a room where the tape of this session could be heard produced a burst of fresh, luxuriant sound that well explained his enthusiasm. "You know," he interpolated in a quiet moment, "Ansermet studied to be a mathematician. That might have something to do with the way his mind works. Very keen."

"How about Van Beinum, and what about him?" Allusion to the gifted leader of the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, who has been inactive for many months, clouded matters for the moment. "It was always a pleasure to work with him, but he's been a very sick man. I understand that he expects to resume in September," Haddy continued. "We had quite a time with Van Beinum when we first went into the Concertgebouw. The orchestra was set up, as it always was for recording, on the stage. I didn't like it at all. Muddled sound, too much overlapping. We got nothing worth keeping during the morning. At lunch several of us—Olof, myself, etc.—tried to talk Van Beinum into having the seats taken up in the middle of the hall and setting the orchestra up there. He was very reluctant, but finally agreed. For the first ten minutes of the afternoon session he complained bitterly. He had no contact with the orchestra; it was all around him. Then he listened to a playback. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'Do what you like. It's all right with me.' "

"What's the theory?" I inquired. "I know you do that in Kingsway Hall here." (And reference to photos of London sessions in Zurich, Geneva, Vienna, and other Continental points shows that it is done by Decca wherever physically possible.)

"It's fairly simple," Haddy replied. "It's all a matter of time in the reverberations of sound. The laws were worked out by a couple of Americans: Sabin, for one, and Maxwell." American though I am, I had to acknowledge ignorance of Sabin and Maxwell. "I won't go into the theory of it," said Haddy, "but it comes down to this. With an orchestra on the stage of an empty hall, you have one period of reverberation from the stage to the far wall at the back; you have a shorter one from the stage to the walls around it. Put the orchestra in the middle of the hall, and you can manage an equal period on all sides." My précis, I am sure, is scientifically inadequate, but it sums up the complicated subject in terms intelligible to such laymen as myself.

"How does one go about determining such a thing?" I interposed. "It must be tricky."

Haddy agreed, but with a deprecating gesture. "You can be very exact

(*Continued on page* 50)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Fausts

JACQUES BARZUN

GOETHE'S "Faust" has inspired four large works of the first rank, each in a different form —an opera, a concert overture, a symphonic poem, and a secular oratorio more particularly designated by its author-composer as a "dramatic legend." The last pair, which are Liszt's "A Faust Symphony" and Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," are now simultaneously available on long playing records* and naturally invite comparison—not only because of their nominal subject but also because the two works are alike performed in an uncommonly satisfactory manner.

More than that, the two scores are historically linked. Liszt, who was Berlioz's lifelong friend and one of his earliest champions, told his confidante and biographer, Lina Ramann, that Berlioz's "Damnation" occupied much of his thought during the years of incubation of the "Faust Symphony." When it was finished he duly dedicated it to his older friend. In form and conception, however, no two works could be more unlike. The symphonic poem in three parts is really a set of endless variations on characteristic themes designed to establish three moods, to draw three portraits —those of Faust, Gretchen, and Mephisto—with suitable contrasts within and among them to adumbrate the drama. A short vocal finale resolves the diversity into a reconciled unity.

If the work is deservedly popular and has a right to be called Liszt's masterpiece in the symphonic idiom, it is because the characterization on the one hand, and the musical substance on the other, are equally apt and stand throughout in equipoise. Liszt's fondness for short and somewhat portentous themes is here justified and redeemed by a great versatility in twisting and turning them to new use, so that they retain their freshness and make iteration agreeable. None builds up or branches out into any long melodic statement, but the impression of melodiousness is real and the harmony is as telling as the scoring is exquisite. The performance of the Paris Philharmonic Orchestra preserves all the delicacy of the intended coloring, though in certain passages Mr. Meyrowitz's bad habit of languishing over phrases detracts from the strength or purity of the idea. This is especially noticeable in the Gretchen section.

It is curious, incidentally, how often we are reminded of the earlier "Fantastic" Symphony and the later operas of Wagner, without ever feeling that what we hear is an echo or the source of an adaptation. Liszt's voice is here his own, as in some of the great piano works. In this record the tenor (whose name is Miguel Villabella and not, as the label says, Georges Jouatte) sings with a proper sense of his limited role, so that the admixture of voice (including the brief choral passage) gives no feeling of sudden change or top-heavy cornice-work.

IF Liszt's Symphony is a masterpiece of truthful portraiture and musical tact, Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" is one of dramatic conciseness and overflowing melodic gift. It must be heard as a Shakespearian play, in which each scene yields several things at once: a slice of life, characterization, plot movement, and pleasure for the ear. There are in the "Damnation" twenty scenes grouped in four parts, exactly as the excellent translation of the text shows us on the back of the record envelope. Hence it is mildly irritating to find the records labeled Act I, etc., which will only strengthen the old error that the work is an opera.

The fact is that any suggestion of visualizing is detrimental to the proper enjoyment of this particular music, let alone the fact that judged as opera its construction must appear arbitrary. The title "dramatic legend" is there to remind us of the Faust story, from which we are given the high spots in vivid kaleidoscope. They are linked together by recitatives which form not the least magnificent part of the dazzling score. For passion and precision they belong with those in the "St. Matthew Passion," "Don Giovanni," and Gluck's "Alceste." Those that Georges Jouatte sings as Faust deserve all praise for execution and it is a pity that he is not matched in this recording with the transcendent Mephisto of Panzéra, who sang in the earlier HMV version. Cabanel is adequate to the part, nothing more.

Besides the recitatives, the listener will discover with pleasure the new role which the well-worn orchestral excerpts ("Hungarian March," "Sylphs," and "Will o' the Wisps") play in the total scheme. The last named is especially well done by the Radio Paris orchestra under the direction of Jean Fournet, and it regains all the sinister, even tragic, quality which years of absent-minded use as filler have rubbed off it.

—*Ingres, from Bettmann Archive.*

Liszt in 1839—"diversity into a reconciled unity."

The variety of forms and moods in the "Damnation" is at first bewildering and leads to predilections which repeated hearing tends to even out. The listener is at once captivated by Gretchen's two great songs, by the Easter chorus and the Enchantment scene; and he may find the love duet, the trio, and the three scenes before the conclusion less inspired because less winsome. But dramatically and musically they carry their weight, and it would be hard to say what should or could replace them. As regards performance one might be captious and wish that a stronger orchestra should be playing throughout—stronger in numbers and in sinew; but in all the gentler scenes it functions admirably.

Again, Mona Laurena sings Gretchen a trifle unevenly. She is at her best in the love duet and later lament, though her faults of breathiness and misplaced volume rather harm the King of Thule. It is the chorus that shares the honors with Jouatte for sustained quality of tone and musicianship in difficult as well as easy passages. Indeed, they "respect" the Amen fugue so much that they fail to give it the required touch of vulgar bawling at the end. A comparison of this group of French singers with choruses of other nationalities who have sung the work shows the correctness of Berlioz's judgment in writing predominantly for three and six parts. As he says in his "Treatise," that is how French voices naturally distribute themselves, and consequently how one must combine them to obtain that full and yet internally distinct conjunction which we hear in these records.

*LISZT: "A Faust Symphony." Selmar Meyrowitz conducting the Paris Philharmonic and Vlasoff Choir, with Miguel Villabella, tenor. (Vox LP 6920, $5.95.)

BERLIOZ: "La Damnation de Faust." Jean Fournet conducting the Radio Paris Orchestra and Emile Passani Choir, with Mona Laurena, soprano, Georges Jouatte, tenor, and Paul Cabanel, bass. (Columbia LP set 110, $16.35.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Spawn of LP

1 -- Westminster

INDUSTRIES sicken but die hard. The demand may only be called moderate, but cavalry lances, steam calliopes, and metal lawn fauna are still available for purchase. The manufacture of phonograph records is an industry conditioned by alternating periods of indecent blooming health and gasping moribundity. In America during even the most desperate years of economic affliction at least three companies have always managed to stay alive: Victor, Columbia, and a minimum of one other, were it called Edison, Pathé, Aeolian, Odeon, Opera-Disk, Brunswick, or Musicraft. The maximum number of companies of serious import coexistent before 1948 seems not to have exceeded ten. Since that year we have been blessed with nearly a hundred, and at this writing some seventy organizations are issuing discs.

This recent growth is a direct result of LP, which simplified the recording process while maintaining the continuity of the music recorded. Problems and expenses of pressing, marketing, shipping, storing, and replacing are reduced by LP to a fraction of those of the ancient 78's. The portability of recording equipment has made it possible to pursue music in its habitats, whereas with 78's it was preferable to lure the musicians to a central place where the recording equipment was stationed. A small capital can launch a recording corporation, and a few successful discs can keep it afloat.

The names of the newer companies are not yet familiar enough for the public to identify them with a more or less equable production, as the public can do in the case of Columbia, London, and RCA Victor. Furthermore, those older companies, and Decca, have an established distribution system which carries their records to all parts of the country, whereas music-lovers distant from a metropolis will find it hard to sample the discs of companies with names like Romantic, Eupeptic, and Frenetic, meritorious as those discs may be. If Stentorian Records should announce a complete edition of the works of Meyerbeer, that would doubtless be glorious tidings to many, but few would purchase the fifty LP's sound unheard, Stentorian being a newcomer and its standards unknown. As is inevitable among a large number, gradations of quality become apparent, and ultimately the least worthy companies will perish. Conversely the best companies—if luck is allied to their virtue—may expect the reward of longevity for their maintenance of high standards.

In this and succeeding months a brief analysis of the promising newcomers will be offered, including not only those companies created directly by the revolutionary possibilities of LP, but certain predecessors whose languid activity was stimulated into new life by the microgrooves. It is assumed that the production of Columbia, London, and RCA Victor is already known; and that the companies engaged in the recording of popular items exclusively are hardly subject to strict analysis, the criteria in this special domain being fitful.

In RECORDINGS for March the admirable Haydn Society was discussed in connection with a Haydn discography. We may repeat that this organization deserves permanence, and that its dual function—publisher of excellent discs and of the first complete edition of the scores of Haydn—gives it a unique and lustrous place in phonographic history. The earlier article may be considered the forerunner of the present series.

The Haydn Society has headquarters in Boston, nothing in whose past and present mores seems exactly propitious for the enterprise; however, the Westminster Recording Company, maintaining its general staff at 233 West 42nd Street in New York, is unchallenged by anybody in the incongruity of its environment. Surely this stale block is one of the world's least fashionable promenades. Since the era when the brothers Minsky sponsored odalisques displaying secrets with tired assurance, the two strips of sidewalk between Seventh and Eighth Avenues have had little glory. Wanderers here will note without fundamental pleasure a tangible coagulation of smells, compact of popcorn, sweetmeats, and frankfurters. Auctioneers menace with incredible bargains; the movie houses lure with innuendoes of smut, and bookshops exhibit the works of Jack Woodford. Shore patrol and military police are on twenty-four-hour vigilance. Music sounds, too: from gaping doors the recorded voices of F. Sinatra and D. Haymes whimper to the passers-by. And out of this spiritual cloaca Westminster records flourish like roses in manure.

Of the newer companies, Westminster is certainly one of the most important. It is also one of the most prolific: in the fifteen months since its first issue in April 1950 it has offered eighty-one LP discs. The first of these was Kodály's "Te Deum," superficially not a recording to enthral the average music lover and establish the prosperity of the Westminster Recording Company. It was followed by a Boccherini symphony and two obscure early works of Beethoven. Next came Strauss's "Macbeth" and a pair of efforts of Mozart's magnificent young youth.

None of these had ever been recorded before. Westminster knew what it was doing. The entrepreneurs were men learned in the ways of the phonograph and subject to the sway of music—attributes not necessarily conjoined in the industry—fretful of the recorded repertory and sure that they could do better. It seemed to them that a musical public existed already tired of continual duplication of titles without emphatic improvement in performance or recordings. They sought initially to please this public with neglected works of the outstanding composers and with outstanding works of the neglected composers. Thus, in the present catalogue of 162 LP sides sixty-four composers are represented by 155 works, of which eighty-seven had never been recorded before and ninety-two exist now only in the Westminster edition. (Five arbitrary collections of songs have been considered, for convenience, as five works.) Partiality is shown to no isolated epoch or style of the five centuries represented; for although the eighteenth century predominates in this catalogue, that is a proper reflection of that century's unequalled musical fertility.

The knowledge and research which decided the recording of Kodály, Sammartini, Martinu, Corelli, Pergolesi, Schütz, K.P.E. Bach, Suk, Karl Stamitz, Michael Haydn, Locatelli, Viotti, Nardini, Telemann, and Hummel were matched by a technical competence and aural judgment that imbued the very earliest Westminster discs with a tonal propriety not achieved by any other organization recording for the first time. There was, of course, an advantage in starting late and so profiting by the errors of predecessors; and it is true that after this excellent inception the company succumbed briefly to the prevalent engineering intoxication with an emphasizing treble. Records 5014 through 5023 were afflicted with this vice or with overcutting, but they have since been corrected in a new transference from tape to disc, along with 5027. Thus, "Macbeth," the fourth record, with its formidable orchestration, was surprisingly successful; while the twenty-third record, two Haydn symphonies, was poor. The sixth disc, two Vivaldi concertos, stout and singing, is much superior to the twenty-first, two Mozart serenades, sick and wheezy.

With the exception of those eleven discs, since ameliorated, Westminster has made no records tonally inadequate. (For this survey the entire output has been reviewed.) Twenty discs

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of serene and unpronounced excellence follow until 5044 (BEETHOVEN: Sonatas No. 7 and 21—the first piano solos by Westminster) and 5045 (HAYDN: Symphonies No. 95 and 100—in amazing performances by Hermann Scherchen) when our ears apprehend unsurpassed acoustic values in the two genres. Doubtless these records are not the last word; but they are the latest. Their appeal is not sensational: they seem right. Other companies have done as well, but the essentially musical ear of Westminster, untormented by non-musical considerations, attained the standard more quickly.

Indeed, the eight Haydn symphonies (Nos. 100 and 95 on 5045, 102 and 97 on 5062, 103 and 80 on 5050, 104 and 55 on 5066)—cut to galvanic outline by Scherchen's independent, inquiring intellect, and played by a Vienna Symphony Orchestra with a disciplined responsiveness it does not consistently accord other conductors — compose with the magnificent records of Bach's B Minor Mass, the discs involving the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet, and the Amadeus Quartet's spellbound enactment of Haydn's "Seven Last Words" a musico-technical triumph that may truly deserve the adjective "wonderful."

Three piano concertos—Mozart Nos. 19 and 20 on 5054 and Beethoven's No. 3 on 5057—are notable for the plumpness of the orchestral recording and the realization of excellent piano sound reduced to a realistic volume relative to the orchestra's. A fullblown recording of Dvorak's unnumbered Symphony in E flat, a breezy and noisy entertainment, has not drawn from the critics the commendation it deserves (5029). Perhaps this is because the conductor is Henry Swoboda, whose uncommon versatility has been manifested in many records of many schools in many periods, often with unkempt orchestras and occasionally with dismal technical supervision. No conductor is at home in so many places, but in the Wagnerian Bohemia of this romp Dr. Swoboda is at ease and brilliant.

Some titles suggest that the company no longer seeks the recondite. This is not true. Apparently a balance of equal weights will be maintained between the familiar and the novel, this induced by the great success of Schubert's "Trout" Quintet, the leader in sales among the company's discs despite competition from four other editions.

Westminster has made only twelve-inch LP discs. The eighty-one issued average a second or two more than twenty minutes per side. The longest is a little shorter than thirty-two minutes: the shortest is a little longer than eleven. The surfaces were consistently quiet. Eccentricity, a very prevalent plague, was prevalent visually in a majority of the sides, audibly on five, grossly on two. This is perhaps the industry average: we have no statistics. Annotations are better than average. —C. G. BURKE.

MUSIC

(*Continued from page 19*)

reference section, which lists the dances Father Strauss and his three sons wrote over the course of a century, as well as the multitude of Strauss records made in America and Europe.

Analyzing the Notes

MUSICAL FORM. By Hugo Leichtentritt. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 467 pp. $6.50.

By ARTHUR BERGER

MOST books on musical form are guided by the assumption that the art arose in 1700 and languished away around 1900. Hugo Leichtentritt was, however, in the midst of the Berlin scholars responsible around the turn of the century for our current enlightenment with regard to early music and for the authentic editions of it now available. His "Musical Form" thus provides much useful information on pre-classical forms along with the more usual analytical material, and its many musical examples for the purpose of detailed reference to music of many types further enhance it and set it from the vague generalities characteristic of music books nowadays.

But the book has conspicuous weaknesses. A chapter on Schoenberg's piano pieces makes a laudable attempt to venture beyond the conventional 1900 boundary. But it was obviously tacked on to a text that takes little account of contemporary methods. The book on the whole seems to have grown by gradual accretion from a manual for beginners that appeared in German in 1911. A decade later a second part was added, retracing the same ground on a higher level and addressed to very different readers from those who need the introductory first part. A third German edition added a lengthy chapter on Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, which fits as little into the general scheme as the Schoenberg material added at the same time. The present translation by the author himself expands the main body of the book and adds material the author happens to have contributed to periodicals since he settled in this country.

Dr. Leichtentritt indulges in the familiar practice of reducing melodic lines to a simple skeleton of notes, just as we may reduce a house to a basic rectangle. In Schoenberg's case this method is used to argue that his devices are really very traditional and that he is not the great innovator he is taken to be. In Beethoven's music the germination of various shapes out of a few nuclear elements of a given work is taken as a mark of genius. At times the results of the author's method are valid and illuminating. At other times he strains to reduce recalcitrant material to a simple germ, ignoring the fact that ambiguity gives the heard sounds their special quality. Where a Beethoven phrase refuses to reduce itself patently to its presumable seed Dr. Leichtentritt merely skips arbitrarily the notes that get in the way.

Indicating the recurrences or reversals of basic patterns is no more than taking inventory. The inference of the present book is that this is the end of analysis. But the simple symmetries are important to apprehend only because they make the degree of deviation apparent, and the final emphasis should be on the latter.

Music Book Notes

SCHIRMER'S GUIDE TO BOOKS ON MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. Compiled by R. D. Darrell. G. Schirmer, New York. $6. Fifteen years ago R. D. Darrell compiled the first (and by all odds the best) edition of "The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music," thereby putting a whole generation of record collectors in his debt. What he did then for musical discography he has done now for musical bibliography, producing the first modern compendium of "books about music" with any semblance of completeness and integration. This is "a practical bibliography," which includes detailed mention only of books currently in print here and abroad. Still, the ground covered is considerable.

Under J. S. Bach, for instance, Darrell has entries for forty-two volumes in English, sixteen in German, and six in French. And in a separate note attention is drawn to the standard works, presently out of print, by Spitta, Parry, Tiersot, Dahms, *et al.* There is copious cross-indexing: if a reader turns to the heading "Talent," he is referred to "Examinations," "Psychology," "Teaching," and "Tests." A majority of the books listed are described in succinct, one-sentence summaries—a great help in a reference work of this kind. If Mr. Darrell had not banished the foreign-language books to the appendix, thus necessitating much skipping back and forth, I could pronounce his compendium without fault. With this one reservation let me hasten to add that the "Guide" is well worth inclusion in any musical library. A necessary adornment, in fact. —ROLAND GELATT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spotlight on the Moderns

STRAVINSKY'S "Capriccio" on a Decca LP (9515, $5.85) has the distinction of a strong and perceptive performance of the solo part by the French pianist Monique Haas and surpasses the earlier RCA Victor and Columbia versions on 78 rpm. The Hamburg NWDR Symphony may hardly be expected to approach the mastery of the Boston Symphony on the RCA recording, but Miss Haas plays with much more taste than Sanromà. The old Columbia album, though poor in its reproduction, maintains, of course, clinical interest, since the composer was himself the soloist in this remarkably effervescent and exalting work. The Decca LP also carries Ravel's Concerto in G.

The virtuosity of the Hollywood players who recorded Hindemith's "Kleine Kammermusik" for Columbia several years ago has stood as a challenge to those who have considered a subsequent recording of a work that is a "must" in the contemporary repertory of every woodwind quintet. The Fairfield Wind Ensemble not only meets the challenge in its technical address but gets closer to the spirit of the music, and the reproduction is live and clear (Stradivari LP 606, $5.95). Milhaud's amiable "Cheminée du Roi René" and "Trois Pièces Brèves" of Ibert fill out the release.

The League of Composers resumes recording activity with an LP by the New Art Wind Quintet under the imprint of Classic Editions (1003, $5.95). The choice, as one would expect from the League, bypasses the standard modern material from which the Fairfield group assembled its lists. Music by Irving Fine is heard for the first time on records in a "Partita" of solidity and scope. He is one of the gifted young Boston composers indebted to Stravinsky for illuminating the path towards purification of tonal resources. But he expresses a genuinely personal romanticism and reflects a real appreciation of the most vital current trends. Nicolai Berezowsky completed his "Suite" in Paris in 1928, and it is the kind of work one might expect from a facile and musicianly Russian exposed to the light and playful style of French woodwind music of that period, but guided by a native leaning towards robustness. If a bit loose in organization at times, it explores the instruments artfully through all their ranges. "Two Sketches," little fragments by Milhaud, are the League's third choice for this LP.

The composer-laureates of Mexico and Brazil, Carlos Chávez and Villa-Lobos, provide us with a sheaf of colorful Latin-American works. "Sinfonia India" of Chávez, which will be remembered from an earlier RCA release on 78 rpm, is the finest of the four works by which he is represented on two Decca LP's. It is combined with an obvious occasion-piece, "Republican Overture," and a choral work, "The Sun," which is too tentatively sung for it to be judged adequately (LP 9527, $5.85). There is also a work, "Huapango," by a younger Mexican, José Moncayo, which has the brashness of park music. In his works like the "Sinfonia" Chávez gives Mexican folk music the refined and heightened embodiment that Copland gives our own indigenous material, preserving their vitality. The episodes of sparse instrumentation and the spaciousness achieved with economy are also common to both composers. When he is not overtly dealing with folksong, as in his score for the Martha Graham ballet, "Daughter of Colchis" (Decca LP 7512, $3.85), Chávez tends towards an immobility that is individual and effective, but more appropriate to the theatre than to the concert hall.

A NEW recording of the "Bachianas Brasileiras," No. 5 of Villa-Lobos on 45 and 78 rpm (RCA Victor 3227, $1.10 and $1.25) with Licia Albanese as soloist is something we might very well have done without, since one would have to go very far to surpass the delicacy and stylistic sense of Bidu Sayao in the old Columbia version. The first of the set of "Bachianas" has also been newly recorded along with "Chôros," Nos. 4 and 7 (Capitol LP 8147, $4.98). The Chôros as a form, Alfred Frankenstein points out on the jacket, preserves the "sense of improvised white-hotness" that Brazilian street musicians convey. As such it is more valuable, I believe, as phonographic, historic documentation than as organized art. The ideas, some of them rhythmically striking, others sweet and banal, follow one another in aimless fashion. The recording's main interest lies in the rare instrumental combinations (eight cellos in the "Bachianas," four brass instruments in "Chôros" No. 4, and winds, two strings, and tam-tam in No. 7), and in the first-rate performances under Werner Janssen's direction.

Symphonic repertory has long had about as many blown-up nationalistic tone poems as are needed. Janacek's "Taras Bulba," still another saga of nineteenth-century conception, with woodland setting, came upon the scene too late (Westminster LP 5071, $5.95). Its progress from one section to another is all too predictable. It is accompanied on this LP by an early suite of the same composer, written under Dvorak's shadow. Henry Swoboda conducts both works.

Program-makers shun the latest German music as if it were still under quarantine, and even composers like Boris Blacher, with sound alibis for their behavior during the Nazi regime, are gingerly approached. Curiosity as to the present state of German music steadily mounts, and we should be very grateful to have at long last the album (78 rpm) issued by the Dahlem Music Society in collaboration with RIAS (Radio in the American Sector) for distribution to our educational institutions, even though its contents are all so fragmentary that any observations must remain tentative. The explanatory booklet confirms what we have already had occasion to suspect, namely, that German composers are eager to align themselves either with Stravinsky's so-called neo-classicism or Schoenberg's atonality. It is not simply that they want to rid themselves of Nazi stigma by following the trends Hitler banned, but also that we are now in an international period in which either tendency is open to anyone anywhere. At the same time German insularity up to 1945 was such that composers could no more than guess at the terms of these styles. The way the two slogans are bandied about there indicates the ignorance that still maintains with regard to what they stand for.

Blacher is the chief German disciple of latter-day Stravinsky only if by this is meant that he is not atonal like Schoenberg. His "Rondo" for piano and orchestra, the most accomplished and agreeable excerpt in the album, is actually more like the middle-of-the-road French music of such men as Poulenc. From those of his works we have heard to date it would appear his music is well worth further exploration. Excerpts from Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana," the only prewar music in the album, are disappointing, coming from a stage work so much discussed and performed abroad. They, too, are described as Stravinskyan. By stretching the imagination one may consider the ostinatos to be related to those of "Le Sacre," but they are watered down to the consistency of Viennese operetta.

I was especially curious about Hans Henze, a young man who grew up in the cultural darkness that prevailed under the Nazis. Cited as a Schoenberg partisan, he uses an occasional twelve-tone row in the fragments from his "Ballet Variations," but there is no trace of a "rather rigid" (whatever this may mean) "use of the dodecaphonist technique." His influences come from Stravinsky as much as from Schoenberg, and though these are not yet absorbed he seems very talented. Karl Hartmann, another alleged Schoenberg partisan, shares with that master, in an ineptly shaped, repetitive movement from a symphony for strings, nothing more than the post-Wagnerian sentiments of the early "Verklärte Nacht."

—ARTHUR BERGER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Assorted Austrian Sweetmeats

WILDER HOBSON

"*GIB haschisch ihm in's nargileh,*" the poet tells us, "*dann schwindet seines herzens weh!*" Freely translated, this means "Pack his water-pipe with marijuana and you'll chase his blues away." The line is from the libretto of Johann Strauss's operetta "Thousand and One Nights," and the recommended Arabian dosage reminds us that there is no music of more narcotic charm than the light melodies of Vienna. A large number of them, handsomely rendered and recorded, have recently come this way. We may begin by mentioning the complete "Thousand and One Nights," featuring the singers Herbert Ernst Groh and Rosl Seegers, with the Radio Berlin chorus and orchestra conducted by Otto Dobrindt (Urania LP set 203, $11.90). Here is irresistible midsummer music. The score is that of Strauss's first operetta, "Indigo," with which, in 1871, he began to rival the Viennese popularity of Jacques Offenbach; the libretto, substituted for the original thirty years later, is a nonsensical contraption drawn from the Arabian Nights; it is no sillier than some of Mozart's libretti and does not interfere with the various aspects of Strauss's genius, waltzes, duets, Near Eastern marches, and assorted Austrian sweetmeats.

It has long been one of this department's minor musical snobbisms to have its Viennese music performed by only Continental artists, except in the case of Sir Thomas Beecham, who can sound as Austrian as the Hapsburgs. We have too often found that American interpretations of Strauss or Lehar tend, on the one hand, toward flashy orchestration or, on the other, toward melodramatic schmalz. Whereas the ineffable light music of these composers should be approached with all the easy animation and unforced *tendresse* with which one addresses the gentler Schubert. Strauss and Lehar should seem to be in the air, not in the orchestra pit or the choking throat, and that is understood by Herr Dobrindt and his Berlin associates in the "Thousand and One Nights." From the moment when the Bajaderes intone the joys of a cool summer evening on the river it is clear that Strauss is in splendid hands—and at the end of the fourth side a dividend is provided in the form of one of his finest waltzes, "Seid Umschlungen Millionen," dedicated, fittingly enough, to Johannes Brahms.

The difference between Strauss and Franz Lehar is no more disturbing than that between Rhine and Moselle, and the wonder is that our theatrical entrepreneurs do not oftener mount the lesser known Lehar operettas such as "Paganini," "Frederica," "Guiditta," and "The Land of Smiles." Long acquaintance with bits from these scores has taught us that they can recur with something of the power of spring, and we are persuaded that the whole works must be excellent. But it is perhaps inevitable that "The Merry Widow" should keep getting the call, and there is now a lustrous long player of the entire operetta (London LP 380, $5.95) with a group of singers including Hans Hopf and Wanda von Kobierska accompanied by the Tonhalle Orchestra and the chorus of the State Theatre of Zurich under the baton of Victor Reinshagen. With this orchestra the late Lehar, who looked like a benign family physician, a few years ago recorded highly therapeutic versions of some of his greatest waltzes. Virtually the same group of performers are heard on another disc of the three act finales from Lehar's "The Count of Luxembourg" (London LP 379, $5.95). These are all first class, and it is only to be hoped that London or some other equally sensitive recording outfit will eventually get around to the other Lehar scores.

Meanwhile Decca has been rummaging through its Richard Tauber files and has assembled two long playing specimens of the great tenor's loving attention to Viennese matters. There is the "Richard Tauber Viennese Operetta Favorites" (Decca LP 7511, $3.85) which includes some of the Leharian rarities already referred to—"Oh Maiden" and "Wayside Rose" from "Frederica," "Loveliest of Women" and "My Every Thought, My One Desire" from "Guiditta." There are also Lehar's "Yours Is My Heart Alone" and "The Merry Widow Waltz," Strauss's "As a Young Man" from "The Gypsy Baron," Paul Lincke's "Castles in the Moon" from "Frau Luna," and that stirring military business from Robert Stolz's "White Horse Inn" called "Farewell, Oh Gallant Captain of My Heart," which has always encouraged this plump and pacific commentator to imagine himself in a scarlet tunic, several rows of medals, and a busby. Needless to say, Tauber's versions of these songs are definitive—his mastery of anything Viennese from Mozart to Emmerich Kalman is already legendary—and the Vienna buff will also be interested to note that the accompaniments to several of the numbers are conducted by Franz Lehar himself.

—Bettmann Archive.

Lehar and Strauss—"easy animation and unforced *tendresse*."

Decca's other collection is "Richard Tauber Songs of Old Vienna" (Decca LP 9526, $5.85) and the works included are rather uneven, ranging from beauties like Strauss's "Tales from the Vienna Woods" and "Roses from the South" to efforts of a good deal less perfume. In the latter connection, however, we must confess to a rank prejudice: we are unable to stand any reference whatever to Hungarian gypsies, unless it has the effect of kicking them in their picturesque pants. We do not discriminate, or care to discriminate, between genuine gypsy and derivative gypsy. Our idea of the ultimate barbarism is the confession of the demented hero of "The Living Corpse" that he has "fallen in love with the *tzigane* music" and we have simply never forgiven Victor Herbert for his "Gypsy Love Song." Not even Richard Tauber can make us enjoy Borganoff and Schwabach's "Gypsy Moon" or Kalman, Brauner, and Grunwald's "Come, Gypsy." Doubtless there are neurotic factors at work here, but so far as we can recall we have never even been scared by a gypsy. We just don't like the way they wear their beads or carry roses in their teeth or gather around their dratted campfires or drone on their dingbusted violins.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings in Review

Back to Dvorak

DVORAK: *Symphony No. 2 in D minor. Ernst Schrader conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Urania LP 7015, $5.95.) *Quartet in E flat, Opus 51. Boskovsky Quartet.* (London LP 387, $5.95.) *Concerto in B minor for Cello. Gaspar Cassadó, cello, with Austrian Symphony Orchestra conducted by Kurt Woss.* (Remington LP 199-38, $2.19.) *"Strains from Moravia," Opus 32. Marta Fuchs, soprano, and Margarete Klose, contralto, with Michael Raucheisen accompanying.* (Urania LP 5002, $4.75.)

A WORLD that reads Trollope is sure to appreciate Dvorak. There is something hearteningly solid and comfortable about these minor Victorians. The sheer bulk of their output, the careful craftsmanship of their writing, the sober yet basically cheerful tone of their expression are all endearing qualities to a confused and pixillated era. Curl up with a packed tome of Trollope, or settle down to a rambling symphonic discourse of Dvorak, and the Atomic Age can almost be forgotten. Publishers find the prolific Anthony sure-fire today, and —judging from these four major items of Dvorakiana—record makers find a public similarly disposed to the similarly prolific Antonin. "Trivially genteel" is how Bernard Shaw described Dvorak, but that was before gentility had gone into short supply.

It is said that Dvorak consciously tried to parallel Brahms in this Second Symphony. If it be true, he had the good sense to model his work on the "gracious" rather than the "heroic" Brahms, for Dvorak never falls into the turgid abyss that often trapped Brahms when the mantle of Beethoven lay heavy on his thoughts. Those with an affection for Dvorak's Fourth Symphony will find the Second cut from like cloth, with a wealth of melodic invention, beautifully colored orchestration, and the pervading good-natured sobriety that is present in all of his most characteristic music. Ernst Schrader is a name new to me, but he is obviously an accomplished hand with matters Dvorakian who can keep the beat incisive without driving the score to death. The bloom of orchestral tone attests equally to the Berlin Philharmonic's postwar prowess and to the skill of Urania's engineers.

A second movement, labelled "Dumka," with a strange Czechish theme, is the pearl of the Opus 51 Quartet, which otherwise impresses as a respectable but not especially notable instance of romantic chamber-music style. The Boskovsky Quartet, of Vienna, plays with a warmth and finesse that could well be mistaken as coming from the Budapesters, which means that this ensemble plays very well indeed. A perceptible hum blemishes London's otherwise first-rate reproduction.

Gaspar Cassadó takes after his countryman and erstwhile master, Pablo Casals, in favoring a tone pure and thin. A choice between his performance of the B minor Concerto and Piatigorsky's (the alternate LP) will depend to a large extent on whether one prefers a tone spare and Spanish or rich and Russian. Woss takes the opening movement at a pace considerably slower than is customary. It makes sense at this speed and doubtless accords with the Viennese taste for deliberate tempi, but my reaction is one of grudging acceptance rather than ardent conviction. Even with this reservation and with Remington's usual noisy surfaces, the disc represents excellent value.

The early duets, "Strains from Moravia," are sung here to the German texts on which they rode to popularity in 1878. They must be a lot of fun to sing, but this listener (passive) found them growing tedious after a quarter of an hour. There's plenty of verve in the performance of Mesdames Fuchs and Klose and brilliance in Urania's recording.

Katchen on Exhibition

MOUSSORGSKY: *"Pictures from an Exhibition." Julius Katchen, piano.* (London LP 330, $5.95.)

JULIUS KATCHEN, with the bravado of youth, has rushed in where more discreet pianists fear to tread by recording Moussorgsky's "Pictures" after Horowitz virtually proved all competition to be fruitless. Wisely, he has avoided challenging the redoubtable Vladimir directly. Katchen uses the original Moussorgsky version as published by Breitkopf & Härtel and plays it straight; Horowitz uses his own version with numerous additions calculated to enrich Moussorgsky's spare writing. Moreover, Katchen keeps his framework small and interprets Moussorgsky as if he were a Russian Schumann, whereas Horowitz endeavors to turn the piano into an orchestra and invests Moussorgsky with Lisztian attributes. There's no doubt that Horowitz offers a more thrilling pianistic experience and that his interpretation is the more original and varied, but Katchen's playing probably comes closer to what the composer envisaged. Whether that is an advantage in this particular instance must be left to personal preference. Comparisons aside, the young American pianist comes off very handsomely in this disc, especially in the more delicate sections, where he shows a subtle poetic sense not always vouchsafed to musicians in their twenties.

—Bettmann Archive.

Gustav Mahler—"a balanced apogee."

World-Weary and Unique

MAHLER: *"Das Lied von der Erde." Otto Klemperer conducting the Vienna Symphony, with Elsa Cavelti, mezzo, and Anton Dermota, tenor.* (Vox LP 7000, $5.95.)

CERTAIN works of art, by virtue of their own unique perfection, can move even the non-believer. Mahler, with his vein of flaccid prolixity, is not my particular dish, but from first acquaintance "Das Lied von der Erde" struck me as a masterpiece. Hearing it again after a lapse of several years the impression remains that this "song symphony" belongs to that small nucleus of compositions in which content and style reach a balanced apogee of intensity. Those of the LP generation unfamiliar with Mahler's world-weary score are hereby alerted that an absorbing experience awaits them.

Klemperer approaches the music in a brisker, more straightforward manner than is evidenced by Bruno Walter in his historic pre-Anschluss recording. In its own way Klemperer's interpretation is every bit as compelling, and the well-recorded Vienna Symphony plays *con amore*. Anton Dermota manages his difficult part with style and tonal beauty. When he sings "Der Lenz ist da, sei kommen über Nacht!," you can almost feel a gentle spring breeze wafting from the loudspeaker. Elsa Cavelti impresses less favorably; her voice has a cold, unyielding quality, and she seems uncomfortable at both the upper and lower extremes of pitch in "Der Abschied." However, she succeeds admirably in projecting the tragic im-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

port of Mahler's score. In sum, then, not a perfect performance, but one that is eminently listenable.

La Mer et Ma Mère

DEBUSSY: *"La Mer";* also RAVEL: *"Ma Mère L'Oye." Ernest Ansermet conducting l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.* (London LP 338, $5.95.)

FINESSE? Ansermet's "La Mer" has it to a quintessential degree. This reading is fastidious, everything understated, with an aural effect similar to the visual one of looking through the wrong end of a telescope. Listeners accustomed to the wild seas of Koussevitzky will find the waters of Ansermet considerably less turbulent. Without wishing to imply that Debussy be laid on heavily with a trowel, I still wonder whether Ansermet doesn't restrain the climax in "Jeux des Vagues" a little too much. At this point there is more tumult in the score than he seems to allow, but it's a small objection in no wise prejudicing this interpretation as the best "La Mer" on record. In the final section, fifty-five measures before the end, I hear a prominent trumpet solo not indicated in the Durand score. Has M. Ansermet had access to a manuscript giving a variant version? Whatever the answer, this "departure" is extremely effective.

"Ma Mère l'Oye" is presented in its full ballet form, which means the inclusion of the "Prelude et Danse du Rouet" never before recorded. It would be vain to imagine Ravel ever sounding more gloriously than this. Both here and in "La Mer" the orchestral execution (especially the brass) is impeccable, every note being in place and in balance. Add "ffrr" sound to the ingredients already mentioned, and the result is a record to be commended without reserve.

—ROLAND GELATT.

Deluge of "Freischütz"

WEBER: *"Der Freischütz" (abridged). Robert Heger conducting the Berlin State Opera Orchestra and Chorus, with Maria Müller, Willy Domgraf-Fassbaender, and others.* (Decca LP set 112, $11.70.) *The same (complete). Otto Ackermann conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and State Opera Chorus, with Maud Cunitz, Hans Hopf, and others.* (London LP set 5, $17.85.)

VERDI: *"I Lombardi." Manno Wolf-Ferrari conducting Radio Italiana Chorus and Orchestra, with Maria Vitale, Myriam Pirazzini, Aldo Bertocci, and others.* (Cetra-Soria LP set 1217, $17.85.)

CILEA: *"Adriana Lecouvreur." Alfredo Simonetto conducting Radio Italiana Chorus and Orchestra, with Carla Gavazzi, Giacinto Prandelli, and others.* (Cetra-Soria LP set 1218, $17.85.)

ALL of a sudden Weber's "Der Freischütz" has earned the distinction of triple representation in the record catalogues. Decca and London have just released their versions of this hitherto neglected classic, and Urania is on the point of offering still another. If this sort of waste motion continues, the record manufacturers will do well to set up a central information bureau in which each can find out what the others are doing. For if there is a legitimate American market for three sets of "Der Freischütz," which has not been performed in this country for twenty-three years and is virtually unknown to the entire present generation, we need at least a dozen competing recordings of the uncut "Ring."

Decca's performance is abridged by about a third of the score, and therefore requires only two discs to the three in the London version. A more lacerating job of cutting could scarcely be imagined. Bleeding chunks are torn out of solos and ensembles, regardless of the sense of the text, the structure of the music, and the pace of the dramatic development. Whenever the orchestra has a measure or two by itself the passage is likely to be considered dispensable, no matter how much the rhythmic and phrase structure and the musical logic are impaired. Sometimes the disjointed snippets that are left sound like the "Gems from 'Aïda'" that Victor used to put on ten-inch records back in 1920. Only the Overture and Agathe's two arias are left as Weber wrote them.

All this is a double pity, for the recording preserves a production whose artistic values are unusual. Maria Müller sings Agathe's music with a beauty of tone and a depth of meaning only Elisabeth Rethberg and Tiana Lemnitz were able to rival in her generation. There are also excellent performances by Carla Spletter and Willy Domgraf-Fassbaender, and Robert Heger conducts with spirit and intelligence.

Myriam Pirazzini—"superb in voice and style."

The contemporary singers in the London version are generally inferior to their predecessors, but the music is all included (except for a few repeated stanzas) and the quality of the engineering is much better. Things are often pedestrian, and Maud Cunitz (spelled with a K on the labels) wobbles too much in the middle register and is too intent on producing heady tones up high to pay much attention to the sense of the words. But she and her colleagues are satisfactory artisans, and I for one prefer Otto Ackerman's uninspired conducting of the whole score to Heger's enthusiastic participation in an act of mayhem.

A more distinguished achievement than either "Freischütz" is Cetra-Soria's brilliant importation of "I Lombardi," Giuseppe Verdi's fourth opera and the immediate chronological successor to the recently released "Nabucco." The heavily overdocumented plot about the Lombards and the Moslems during the First Crusade contains enough material for three ordinary librettos and is unintelligible enough to make "Trovatore" seem as simple as "Hansel and Gretel." The music, however, is more mature and inventive than that of "Nabucco." There are just as many impressive choruses, and the characterization of the solo vocal parts is more explicit and more forceful. One truly inspired scene begins with a miniature violin concerto and continues on into a vocal trio against which the solo violin continues to present its figurations, almost in the manner of a Bach obbligato. The cast of young Italian artists does itself proud. The soprano Maria Vitale, the mezzo-soprano Myriam Pirazzini, and the bass-baritone Mario Petri are all superb in voice and style, and Manno Wolf-Ferrari, a newcomer to Cetra-Soria, conducts with exceptional musical and dramatic sensibility.

Compared to "I Lombardi," Francesco Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur" is a weak dish of tea. Cilea, who died last year, was the last of the leading *verismo* composers of the 1890's and the early decades of the twentieth century. "Adriana Lecouvreur" reveals less originality in its materials than the operas of Puccini or Giordano, but it is full of passionate, stentorian scenes that produce a good theatrical effect, and the leading soprano and tenor, Carla Gavazzi and Giacinto Prandelli, make the most of their emotional opportunities. Like "Manon Lescaut" and "Andrea Chenier," which it followed by only a few years (1902), "Adriana Lecouvreur" is a drama of eighteenth-century French intrigue; Adriana dies of smelling poisoned flowers sent by her rival for the affections of the tenor. I am afraid Cilea's score is a slightly poisoned flower itself, and I should not want to smell it often or long.

—CECIL SMITH.

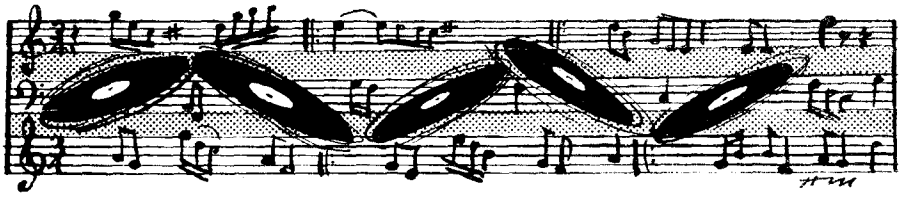
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See page 48 for Pop Roundup

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Fifteen Two Part Inventions. Ralph Kirkpatrick, clavichord. Concert Hall LP 1088, $4.67.	Turn the volume control down to a point where Kirkpatrick's playing is almost inaudible, and one arrives at a fair approximation of the fragile clavichord's true sound; even thus attenuated, however, a clavichord over the *loud*speaker is a contradiction in terms. Kirkpatrick's own notes neglect to give details of the instrument employed (I take it to be a modern Challis) or the reasons that impelled him to choose the clavichord, rather than the harpsichord, for the Inventions. By this evidence it is hardly the ideal medium, for its monochromatic registration and wobbly pitch make a jumble of Bach's linear voices.
Bach: "Das Musikalische Opfer" (arr. Roger Vuataz). Hermann Scherchen conducting nine soloists. Westminster LP 5070, $5.95.	Bach experts, who defend their convictions with ruthless tenacity, will doubtless entertain a variety of opinions on the Vuataz version ranging from disdain to delight. On one point there seems to be general agreement: that some kind of instrumentation is necessary to reveal fully the canonic complexities of "The Musical Offering." The work always struck me as more impressive than agreeable until this recording came along to reverse an old opinion, which change of heart I ascribe partly to the adroit arrangement of Roger Vuataz, partly to Scherchen's firm yet relaxed direction.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 ("Pastoral"). Otto Klemperer conducting the Vienna Symphony. Vox LP 6960, $5.95.	A genial reading by Klemperer, who wisely avoids trying to make the "Pastoral" bigger than it is. A few tempos may seem too deliberate for some tastes, and the Vienna Symphony (especially the winds) is no match for the Philadelphia Orchestra, but these are minor reservations in no wise detracting from a generally excellent impression.
Beethoven: Sonata in G, Opus 96. Tossy Spivakovsky, violin, and Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Columbia LP 4402, $5.45	Apparently on the reasoning that if Beethoven won't sell Kreisler will, Columbia has seen fit to pair Opus 96 with an assortment of flummery going from "Caprice Viennois" to Saint-Saëns' "Introduction and Tarantella." It is a coupling to be deplored, especially as Spivakovsky and Firkusny argue the sonata so compellingly. The violinist's sweeping phrases and sharp sforzandi, the pianist's tonal finesse and rhythmic precision combine with well-balanced microphoning to make a chamber-music recording of more than ordinary merit.
Boyce: Symphonies 1, 4, 6, and 8. Karl Haas conducting the London Baroque Ensemble. Westminster LP 5073, $5.95.	A second appearance for Dr. Boyce within the year. Like Decca's earlier recording by the Zimbler Sinfonietta this one uses Boyce's original scoring, not the scaled-down adaptation of Constant Lambert. The London Baroque Ensemble plays with splendid precision and tonal luster, which is not surprising considering the presence of such instrumentalists as Jean Pougnet and Frederick Riddle in its ranks. Finely resonant recording, indicating a fortunate choice of hall. On the Kingsway, by any chance?
Handel: "Si tra i ceppi" ("Berenice"), etc. Gerard Souzay, baritone. London LP 194, $5.95.	Handel's bluff musical expression and long, winding phrases find an intepreter to the manner born in Gerard Souzay, who is on similarly solid ground with his affecting declamation of Monteverde ("Tu se' morta" from "Orfeo," sung in French) and his caressing statement of an air from Lully's "Persée." On the Debussy-Ravel overside his average is not quite so high, with an airy "Mandoline" counterbalanced by a "Don Quichotte" lacking in rhythmic bite and mordant inflection. Stylish accompaniments by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Edouard Lindenberg add further to a highly recommendable disc.
Haydn: Symphonies 52 and 56. Anton Heiller conducting the Vienna State Opera and Vienna Symphony Orchestras. Haydn Society LP 1039, $5.95.	For that body of collectors who are amassing Haydn's *opera omnia* in LP form these two symphonies, hitherto unrecorded, will be marked down automatically for immediate purchase. For less voracious Haydnites Nos. 52 and 56 are hardly essential, though imposing examples of the composer's middle-period style. The playing is spirited and precise, if not a triumph of interpretive subtlety.
Kodály: "Psalmus Hungaricus." Arthur Rother conducting the Radio Berlin Orchestra and Chorus, with Helmut Krebs, tenor. Urania LP 7014, $5.95.	Except for the wry anomaly that Kodály's explicitly nationalistic "Psalmus Hungaricus" is sung in the alien tongue of Hungary's former rulers, this Berlin performance offers a well-tailored exposition of the score. How well that score holds up to contemporary scrutiny is another matter. I find it pretentious in concept, commonplace in execution. On the reverse Ludwig Georg Jochum leads the Radio Berlin contingent in "Dances from Galanta." For reproduction of orchestral sound this disc is no less than spectacular.
Liszt: "Années de Pèlerinage—Italie." Erno Balogh, piano. Lyrichord LP 14, $5.95.	Balogh has set a worthy example by recording a complete volume of "Années de Pèlerinage" instead of compiling the usual mixture of excerpts garnered more or less at random from the Liszt repertoire. At that point praise ends, for his contribution to this LP is otherwise undistinguished. There is much to be said for performing Liszt without banging and undue flourishes, but not at the price (as here) of gray, mechanical pianism.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2 in C minor. Julius Katchen, piano, with the New Symphony Orchestra under Anatole Fistoulari. London LP 384, $5.95.	As an item "for the catalogue" this could scarcely be expected to challenge the easy authority of Rachmaninoff's own historic waxing. For sheer glory of sound, however, London LP 384 outdistances all competitors; the piano really resembles a piano, the orchestral tone glows alluringly, and the balance is all one could wish. I like, too, the delicate conception espoused jointly by Katchen and Fistoulari, which does the music a far greater service than interpretations freighted with passion.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 in E minor. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orch. Columbia LP 4400, $5.45. Ferenc Fricsay conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Decca LP 9519, $5.85.	Assigning the polarities of Tchaikovsky Fifth interpretation to Beecham at one extreme (reticent, delicate) and Stokowski at the other (exaggerated, brassy), these latest versions fall into conflicting categories, the Fricsay approaching Beecham's and the Ormandy tending toward Stokowski's. As I can't generate heated conviction on the merits of either approach, my inclination is to recommend both. Pressed for a choice, I would veer to the Ormandy by reason of its superior orchestral sound and greater detail in the recording.
Verdi: "Ave Maria"; "Laudi alla Virgine" ("Pezzi Sacri"). James Fleetwood conducting the Philadelphia Choral Ensemble. Allegro LP 3019, $5.95.	By 1898 Verdi's creative powers had gone into slow gear, if this disc can be presumed to give adequate evidence. Some interest accrues to the daring harmonic contrasts in the "Ave Maria," but the "Laudi" is innocuous to a point where the adjective "Verdian" no longer applies. The earlier (1880) "Pater Noster," also included here, is a more absorbing experience, though even in this Verdi's gift for dramatic effect and colorful expression seems frustrated by the limitations of *a cappella* writing. If Toscanini ever conducts these works, I reserve the right to amend my opinion. —ROLAND GELATT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Beethoven for Piano

GUIOMAR NOVAES is not a pianist to whom we look ordinarily for model performances of Beethoven. In a poll of concert-goers Chopin would most likely show up as the composer the majority would prefer to hear her interpret. Yet among a number of current releases of Beethoven sonatas, including some of high quality by outstanding pianists, the recording she made of "Les Adieux," Opus 81a, and "The Tempest," Opus 31, No. 2 (Vox LP 6270, $5.95) deserves the most credit for accomplishment. The first movement of "Les Adieux" is especially impressive. The transitional chain of chords in rapid succession rarely sounds so clear and incisive. But this is only one of many fine details throughout both sonatas.

It is very heartening indeed to hear Beethoven's staccato notes quickly released and just value given to his accents. Remarkable composure is maintained through the weightier passages and the even flow is undisturbed. This is likely to trouble listeners who have been conditioned by a certain school of Beethoven interpreters to identify the sheer struggle to articulate the notes with the *Sturm und Drang* of the music itself. But if Miss Novaes can perform Beethoven without fighting the piano, she has no less intensity in her interpretation.

A London LP (393, $5.95) of three sonatas played by Wilhelm Backhaus would stand at the top of the list next to the Novaes LP were it not for the fact that the works he chose are less demanding, which entitles him to a shade less credit. His performances of Opus 10, Nos. 1 and 2, and Opus 79 are first-rate.

Robert Casadesus opens the Sonata Opus 110 with his customary elegance (Columbia LP 4388 $5.45). Once past the tender, reflective passages and a well-paced statement of the fugue, he loses some of his composure. In a few lyrical passages the accompaniment figures outbalance the melody, and the sound is a bit hard in some loud passages, but it is not easy to determine how much the recording engineers are responsible. Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" on the reverse side show him to better advantage, but the Beethoven, notwithstanding the reservations, has the quality of first-class pianism.

Kurt Appelbaum's latest release in his Beethoven cycle (Westminster LP 5075, $5.95) is not up to the standards he set for himself previously. He did not meet the challenge of Opus 111 which has quite a few rough edges in his reading. The early Sonata, Opus 2, No. 2, has qualities, but it might have been more transparent and forthright. The recording is not without merits, for Mr. Appelbaum has sensitivity and a grasp of Beethoven style, and Westminster's piano reproduction is good. I do not, however, subscribe to the exaggeration of nuances and the interpolation of others. The pianist seems to underestimate the listener's capacity to apprehend details that are sufficiently clear without being underlined.

Much the least desirable of the Beethoven releases under consideration is Ernst von Dohnanyi's Opus 31, No. 2 (Remington LP 199-16, $2.19). Even if we pardon this seventy-four-year-old musician for not having the sureness of fingers he once had, the wilfully rolled chords and metrical distortions remain to be accounted for. The surface is unusually noisy and the reproduction poor.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

FOR YOUR LISTENING PLEASURE
ON MERCURY CLASSICS

Serenades For Summer

TCHAIKOVSKY: SERENADE FOR STRINGS IN C MAJOR, Op. 48. Bamberg Symphony Orchestra under Leopold Ludwig. MG15035 10" $3.85.

MOZART: SERENADE IN G — "EINE-KLEINE NACHMUSIK" (K. 525). Bamberg Symphony Orchestra under Robert Heger. MG10015 12" $4.85.

BRAHMS: SERENADE NO. 1 IN D MAJOR, Op. 11. Bamberg Symphony Orchestra under Robert Heger. MG10076 12" $4.85.

BRAHMS: SERENADE NO. 2 IN A MAJOR, Op. 16. **MOZART:** SERENADE IN C MINOR (K. 388). Bavarian Radio Orchestra under Hans Rosbaud. MG10039 12" $4.85.

Other Delightful Mercury Classic LP's for Summer Listening

ERNA SACK sings STRAUSS, LEHAR, OPERA & CONTINENTAL FAVORITES. Erna Sack (coloratura soprano) with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. MG10001—MG10009—MG10044 12" $4.85 each.

MARTINU: SINFONIETTA GIOCOSA. Germaine Leroux with the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra under Jaroslav Krombholc. MG10040 12" $4.85.

ABRAM CHASINS and **CONSTANCE KEENE** play Johann Strauss's Fledermaus Fantasy—Blue Danube—Artist's Life; Bizet's Carmen Fantasy. Abram Chasins and Constance Keene (2 pianos). MG10005 12" $4.85.

MERCURY CLASSICS LONG PLAYING RECORDS
REEVES-FAIRCHILD MARGIN CONTROL · YOUR GUARANTEE OF SUPERIOR QUALITY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

PARIS-PERPIGNAN.

COUNT Thursday July 5 at 16:45 hours as the day and minute when the first crack appeared in the dike of organized resistance to the flood of LP's into the European market. It was thus, under a clear cloudless sky, that the first Columbia LP made its appearance in a Paris shop, under the title "Longue Durée." As might have been expected, there was a local aspect to the phenomenon; it was, indeed, the complete "Carmen" by the Opéra-Comique ensemble, which had finally come home to roost after crowing gallantly from coast to coast in America. To convince any skeptics the offering was certified as "Un enrégistrement intégral en 3 disques."

To be sure, there have been previous LP's in the Paris market (local enthusiasts refer to them thus, although the new catch-letters would, apparently, have to be LD's), for Decca (London) has been as assiduous in cultivating the French as it has the Dutch and the English. But that was a lone, independent enterprise, supplemented by dribbles of material from such American minors as Vox, Mercury, Concert Hall, with Westminster shortly to follow. Perhaps the Left Bank doesn't know what the Right Bank is doing, but the Columbia "Carmen" splits wide open the solidarity that had previously obtained among the Hayes forces (EMI to the English, and HMV-Columbia to Americans), and opens all sorts of inviting possibilities for the future. The immediate one is the intention of French Columbia to procede with the marketing, by use of American masters, of its own-produced "Damnation de Faust" and "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" while tooling up to make Longues Durées of other things. By fall they expect to be in full cycle.

This was, by all odds, the most notable actuality of the early summer, recordwise, in Paris; but there is plenty of promise for the future in sessions either in progress or recently completed. Top billing goes to a complete "L'Enfance du Christ" (Berlioz), with André Cluytens conducting, which will probably reach the American buyer as LP's before the French see even the 78's, and a Fauré "Requiem," which will also be welcome. Despite the French-Columbia "Carmen" heretofore mentioned (and the RCA Victor one currently in production), London has just completed a version with Suzanne Juyol as the gypsy together with a "Manon" featuring Janine Micheau. Both of these have the distinction (to be credited thus until proved to the contrary) of conducting by the veteran Albert Wolff, who was already famous when he came to the Metropolitan just after World War I and has been an adornment of the Paris scene for three decades since. Also in work by Decca-London is a remake of the famous set of Gregorian chant by the Solesmes Abbey choir.

Healthy as this prognosis would appear to be, the French disc market is still adjudged to be ailing by those who know it best. The complaint is the one common to England and the Continent: clogging of the arteries due not to high blood pressure, but high prices. Though the exchange would suggest that the French are not required to pay much more for an LP disc than their American cousins, the $6-2,000 franc equation does not respect the vastly smaller earning power out of which the Longue Durée fan must buy necessities as well as luxuries. Graphically put, 2,000 francs represents half a week's salary for a skilled clerical worker in Paris. Conditions in America may vary from city to city, but not to the point where any like situation would prevail.

AT the Perpignan end of the Paris-Perpignan musical fulcrum work is forging ahead on this year's budget of Casals-inspired recordings, though the festival itself is still to begin as these words are written. However, in the tiny municipal theatre Isaac Stern and William Primrose have been wrestling with Mozart's "Symphonie Concertante" for violin and viola, Myra Hess has addressed herself to her first major recording task in years (the E flat piano concerto, K. 271), and the orchestra has already done the A major symphony (K.201). All, of course, are conducted by Casals. Since the hot season is at hand and there is a limit to the amount that can be achieved in any single session—two a day are not feasible—the project goes slowly, but it goes. When the sultry interior becomes unbearable, the eavesdropper can move outside and hear the results from the portable van housing speakers and recording equipment, while pondering on the swift drop in prices, on identical merchandise, in the shop windows since he left Paris the night before.

Still to come are the sessions which may produce the most memorable discs of this 1951 Perpignan summer, those in which Casals will take part in all the Beethoven piano-cello sonatas and the trios. Rudolf Serkin will be his partner in the first, Alexander Schneider and Eugene Istomin in the second. This is a formidable post-festival program for a man of Casals's years, but to judge from his form at a recent recording session he will still be going strong when his younger colleagues have wilted.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

* * *

LONDON.

THE latter part of the London "Season of the Arts," now nearly at an end, has been dominated by performances at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. "Parsifal" has been given after a lapse of a dozen years, we have heard the wonderful Butterfly of De los Angeles (*The Times* called it "one of those great performances around which legends grow"), and a packed and enthusiastic auditorium welcomed back Sir Thomas Beecham, who, as "guest" in his old home, conducted "Die Meistersinger" on the night prior to Karl Rankl's last appearance as musical director (an occasion dignified by Flagstad's valedictory Isolde). Ernest Newman, writing about Beecham's return, suggested that the public felt about it much as Siegmund did when he assured Sieglinde that "No one has gone, but one has come; spring laughs in the hall," an observation that neatly combines a welcome for "Tommy" with a somewhat too unkind kick at the departing Rankl, a man who has for several years struggled against the odds but who was simply not big enough for the task. The succession is not yet assured; both Kleiber and Barbirolli will conduct next season, but neither wishes to shoulder the heavy burden Rankl has cast off. What Covent Garden needs more than anything else is a first-class director who is not a performing musician.

And what of Flagstad? Happily it looks as though the opera house's loss will be the record collector's gain, for when Flagstad no longer has to travel from Cornwall to Kareol, or from the Valkyries' Rock to the Hall of the Gibichungs, she may be able to spend more time in the recording studios. Already there is talk of a complete "Tristan" (none too soon), as well as the last scene of "Siegfried" and portions of "Götterdämmerung."

LP has been with us now for just over a year, and still HMV and Columbia microgroove is "for export only" while the monthly releases are very meager just at present. The latest batch includes twelve sides that were waxed at the "Ceremonial Opening" of the Royal Festival Hall on May 3, when the performers were drawn from London's principal choirs and orchestras, directed by Boult and Sargent. The records prove that the hall is by no means "dead" acoustically; there is adequate reverberation for recording purposes, though the rather restricted frequency range here employed does not tell us all about its suitability as a studio. The music includes Vaughan Williams's lovely "Serenade to Music," Handel's magnificently ceremonial anthem, "Zadok, the Priest," and—best of all—the glorious chorus "Soul of the World" from Purcell's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day."

Sir Thomas Beecham still spends

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much of his time and energy championing the music of Frederick Delius; he recently conducted a splendid performance of the "Mass of Life" and now has given us the first recording of "North Country Sketches," one of the composer's lesser known orchestral works, written shortly before the outbreak of World War I. The austere landscape of his native Yorkshire (Delius was born in Bradford, though his parents were German) clearly inspired him, yet there is something completely alien in his nostalgic and evocative music. It is as difficult to imagine Delius speaking with a Yorkshire accent like that of his fellow Bradford citizen J. B. Priestley as it is to imagine Sir Thomas suddenly bursting into the dialect of his native Lancashire. The playing of the Royal Philharmonic is above reproach and Columbia's recording is first rate.

Verdi's music of the period preceding "Rigoletto" is becoming something of a vogue nowadays; HMV's latest effort in this field is the Overture to "Luisa Miller," a dramatic if rather patchy piece, well played by the Philharmonia under Markevitch. Emil Nikolaus von Reznicek, who died in 1945, is one of those composers who are remembered only by a single trifle, in his case the charming Overture to "Donna Diana," which receives a vivacious performance from the Vienna Philharmonic under Karajan; the other side of this Columbia disc contains the Strauss waltz "Wine, Women, and Song." The same company has also staked its claim in the profitable Stravinsky market, but its recording of "The Fire-Bird" by Galliera and the Philharmonia, though of considerable merit, is not likely to challenge seriously the Ansermet disc.

Among the instrumental records we find that Louis Kentner almost has the field to himself; his performance, on Columbia, of Liszt's B minor Piano Sonata is as good as anything he has done for the gramophone; as Menuhin's partner in Bach's Sonata No. 2 in A major he plays with seemly restraint, and it is not his fault if this HMV recording is rather colorless.

In view of the fine singing that has been heard at Covent Garden during the last two months (we have had Flagstad, De los Angeles, Welitch, Schwarzkopf, Patzak, and Weber, to name just a few) the vocal releases are singularly bare. Apart from some "hammy" efforts by Mario Lanza, we have only a charming HMV disc featuring Alda Noni in the two Despina airs from "Cosi fan tutte" and Brahms's "Feldeinsamkeit" and "Mit vierzig Jahren" sung by Hans Hotter, whose softest notes are wonderfully rich and satisfying (Columbia).

Koussevitzky's death has been keenly felt here, particularly by members of the London Philharmonic, who had been greatly stimulated by him last summer and who were bitterly disappointed when he let them know that he would not be able to come this year.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

Lincoln
Automatic Turn-over Record-changer
. . . the complete answer to record collectors' fondest dreams

• Automatically plays 20 standard or 22 long-playing records —ONE SIDE or BOTH SIDES, in PROPER SEQUENCE. Intermixes 7", 10" and 12" Records of same speed. Plays through your present Radio, Phonograph or Television. • SYMPHONIES, concerti and other works complete on one Long-Playing record, are played without interruption on the LINCOLN. • Come in and ask for a demonstration of this remarkable record-changer, or write for brochure.

• IN OUR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE, WE HAVE NEVER SEEN A RECORD-CHANGER ITS EQUAL

exclusively at
LIBERTY Music Shops
450 MADISON AVENUE • 795 MADISON AVENUE
975 MADISON AVENUE (HOTEL CARLYLE)
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
228 EAST POST ROAD
WHITE PLAINS

The most important collector's item in a decade!

LISTEN TO IT
This premiere recording of Alban Berg's concert aria, Der Wein, should prove irresistible to admirers of this great modern composer. The noted soprano, Charlotte Boerner, is soloist, with Werner Janssen, foremost interpreter of modern music, conducting the orchestra. An exciting performance capturing the spirit as well as the form of Berg's music—truly worth adding to your collection of important albums.

UNDERSTAND IT
This long-play microgroove recording features a full length commentary by Alfred Frankenstein, music critic of The San Francisco Chronicle and lecturer in music at Harvard University, covering Schoenberg's 12-tone system and Berg's place as the link between the new style and the past. Music lovers, students and performers will find it a stimulating and gratifying exposition of modern music.

Another musical presentation of unusual interest exclusively on Capitol Classics.

Write for free booklet "Ten Capitol Classics That Belong in Every Home"—with critical notes. Dept. S7 Capitol Records.

Capitol RECORDS
Sunset & Vine, Hollywood 28

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOX PRODUCTIONS, INC.

DISCRIMINATING SELECTION

DISTINGUISHED PERFORMANCE

NEW RELEASES

BEETHOVEN:
Symphony No. 5, in C Minor, Opus 67
OTTO KLEMPERER conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra
PL 7070 1-12"

BEETHOVEN:
Mass in D Major, Opus 123, "Missa Solemnis"
Ilona Steingruber, soprano—Else Schuerhoff, alto—Ernst Majkut, tenor—Otto Wiener, basso—Akademiechor
OTTO KLEMPERER conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra
PL 6990 2-12"

MENDELSSOHN:
Symphony No. 4, in A Major, Opus 90, "Italian"
OTTO KLEMPERER conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra

MENDELSSOHN:
Sonata No. 1, In B Flat Major, Opus 45
Nikolai and Joanna Graudan, piano-cello duo
PL 6980 1-12"

MOZART:
Serenade No. 7, In D Major, "Haffner" (K. 250)
CLEMENS KRAUSS conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra
PL 6850 1-12"

SCHUBERT:
Songs for Male Chorus
Akademie Kammerchor under the direction of Prof. Ferdinand Grossman
PL 6870 1-12"

All records 33⅓ RPM Microgroove $5.95 each 12" record

For COMPLETE catalog ask your DEALER or write to

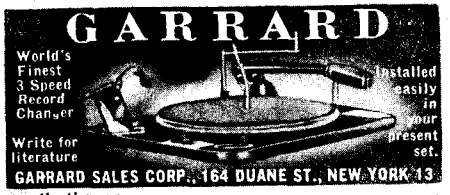
VOX PRODUCTIONS, INC.

236 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Collector's Item

Choice of Leading Music Critics!

GARRARD



GARRARD SALES CORP., 164 DUANE ST., NEW YORK 13

Gentlemen:
I am interested in learning what to look for when purchasing a 3-speed record changer. Please send me, without obligation, your FACT SHEET.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ZONE___STATE_____

Dept. 7S

Pop Roundup

A NEW generation is about to see "Showboat." M-G-M is responsible for the third film version of the Kern-Hammerstein musical, and early reports indicate it's a box-office smash. The many wonderful songs that comprise this finest of all American operetta scores have never lost an iota of their popular appeal in the twenty-three or so years they have been around, but new "Showboat" audiences are invariably thrilled at finding them all on a single playbill.

M-G-M's record wing has just issued eight excerpts dubbed direct from the film sound track on a single 10" LP (M-G-M E559 and also [45] K84). The role of Julie, in which Helen Morgan once triumphed, has been assigned to Ava Gardner. She sings "Bill" and "Can't Help Lovin' That Man," and is a beautiful amateur. Kathryn Grayson is Magnolia and Howard Keel (the impressive lead of "Annie Get Your Gun") is Ravenal. Bledsoe, Robeson, and Kenneth Spencer have been heard in "Ol Man River," but William Warfield—who sings it here—sounds like the best of all. Miss Grayson's shrill trills and fuzzy diction inspire no romantic tremors in this department. On the suspicion that the songs were even better than they sounded here, we took another listen to Columbia's LP version of the set originally issued in 1946, featuring the cast of the stage revival then current (COL ML-4058). We found that the tunes had all the luster on which the M-G-M "personalities" attempt to infringe. The Columbia recording has a more comfortable perspective, more atmosphere, and more music (including the Overture). Carol Bruce, Jan Clayton, and Charles Fredericks are the pleasant, convincing principals, and Edwin McArthur conducts.

The competition among companies for disc rights to original-cast performances recently reached a fever pitch, and caution was evidentally thrown to the winds. At any rate, Capitol has a warehouse full of "Flahooley" (CAP S284). Despite the contributions of lyricist Yip Harburg and composer Sammy Fain—and the fabulous four-octave soprano Yma Sumac—the show closed in a hurry. Miss Sumac, who performs three numbers on the disc, is Capitol's reason for releasing the set at all. After all, her "Voice of the Xtabay" album (CAP H244) has been the only pop package in the past year to hold its own against Mario Lanza. Her special vehicles, written by her husband, are strange hybrids—sometimes Latin, sometimes Arabic, and sometimes typical coloratura fare. She's an exciting, unique performer. The rest of the cast is quite good vocally, and once again it's apparent that Sammy Fain is richly endowed. Happily, one of his ballads, "The World Is Your Balloon," seems destined to survive the show. As for the other songs, they're pretty much involved in the plot, and Capitol has evidentally felt it wiser to avoid any reference to that thing. However, if you like the sound of songs in the big, smart tradition of Schwartz, Arlen, and Hart's partner there's some pleasant listening here.

LP Jazz from RCA

RCA Victor, still reluctant to make LP too much of a good thing, has added five twelve-inch jazz collections to its Treasury of Immortal Performances. While other labels engaged on similar projects put six or more 78 rpm sides on a twelve-inch LP side, RCA cuts only four. The price per disc is $4, while the same collection on 45 rpm costs $3.75. Since all sides are welcome reissues from the swing era it may appear that we look a gift horse in the mouth, but a number of the same sides have been in the jazz shops on one or more pirate labels. Most of these have been on good quality LP's, offering at least average value, and the major companies have done nothing to stop the contraband traffic. RCA Victor has brightened its older cuttings considerably, and the selections are well chosen. MUGGSY SPANIER FAVORITES, VOL. II (RCA LPT-1000) includes the great entertainer's own "Honeysuckle Rose," "Jitterbug Waltz" (organ), and others of various vintage from 1934 to 1942—though little change of style is perceived. BUNNY BERIGAN PLAYS AGAIN (LPT-1003) was cut originally in 1937-8. Two sides, "I Can't Get Started" and "Prisoner's Song," were originally on twelve-inch 78's, so there's a little more for your money. DUKE ELLINGTON'S GREATEST (LPT-1004) dates from 1945, which I believe was the highpoint of his career. The most popular Ellington tunes are here — "Solitude," "Sophisticated Lady," etc. Last, we have BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA (LPT-1005). The 1938 Carnegie Hall Concert set on Columbia has taken most of the edge off this one, but there are a couple of highlights from 1935-6, including "King Porter Stomp" with Berigan sitting in.

Rhumba Report

A new Cuban *conjunto*, the Cuarteto Manuel Jimenez, replete with guitars, shakers, trumpet, gang chorus, and other typically tropical trappings, perform a lusty *guaracha*, QUE ES LO TUYO? (RCA 23-5398).

—BILL SIMON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pre-Recorded Tape

EVER since magnetic tape turned up here, borrowed from the ingenious Germans, to turn our recording industry inside out there has been a mild, unanswered question in some minds. How about the tape record?

This fall the first major library of pre-recorded tape will be offered for commercial sale, launched by one of the largest dealers in raw tape, tape machines, and sound recording equipment: the Audio & Video Company. The trade name will be AV Libraries. Concurrently, the Concertone interests, producers of the Concertone tape recorder, are at work on another prospective library of recordings on tape for the home, to be called Concertape. Along with these developments at least one model of a new type of gadget, the tape player—a simplified machine without the recording feature—will be launched, primarily to play the new-style tape records, at about $60. Pentron is the manufacturer. Not that these developments threaten the enormous present disc business in any immediate way; but a new move is on and bears watching.

In some three years tape has completed its total occupation of the primary recording area, the making of original on-the-spot recordings from which our discs are later copied. Just about every record now made, here at least, is a copy of a tape; even the reissues of old 78-rpm discs find their way first to tape and only thence to the LP disc form. Millions and millions of feet are recorded in other areas than the phonographic; thousands of hours of radio are "canned" for filing purposes or taken off the air by interested parties; countless programs are pre-taped, for later broadcast. Home tape machines reel off a considerable footage, and educational ventures such as speech training and language courses take even more. The manufacture of tape, to meet all these demands, is now a dynamic industry measuring its product in hundreds of miles.

Yet every foot of these millions has been made and sold blank, neutral, as untouched by sound as the flat mirror of a blank recording disc. Tape with sound already on it, pre-recorded, has except for one brief and indeterminate venture been publicly an unexplored field—so far.

Why? Practicalities plus economics. The biggest reason most likely is that tape has found abundantly easy means of expansion in other directions, enough to keep all concerned busy. For the home, tape was a relatively expensive medium compared directly with the new type discs, and it is decidedly clumsier to handle at best. Its big advantages, top professional sound quality and ease of recording and editing, are unimportant in pre-recorded tape for the average home budget. But most important, tape is not now adaptable to mass reproduction. Where a disc can be stamped out in duplicate thousands, tape must be copied, piece by piece, in the tens and twenties, perhaps hundreds.

But economics change. You may be sure that every major record company, and many another in related fields, has kept an enterprising behind-the-scenes eye on tape possibilities right along. Experimentation in the direction of pre-recorded tape will have been undertaken without the slightest doubt. Any one of a dozen big firms could be out with tape records in no time, if things looked up.

CONDITIONS have been becoming slowly more favorable. Tape has gone down in price, and good quality is easier to achieve at slower and more economical tape speeds. Home machines are simpler to operate and—most vital of all—there are now a lot more of them, enough in hand to warrant a tentative beginning at the sort of cycle which feeds happily on itself: more tape machines, more tape records, more machines. It is a gamble, unquestionably, at this point, but there are always adventurous businessmen who will jump in while the rest wait to see. That's where we are at now.

What's in pre-recorded tape for you? That, unfortunately, is the indeterminate factor. But if you now own a tape machine you may find its usefulness doubled. AV Libraries, aiming carefully, will offer at first a fixed diet of some dozen or so half-hour reels of tape, mostly harmless cocktail music of little interest to record collectors. It is emphasized that this is merely a calculated starting point. Other areas, including presumably the "good music" field, will come later as success and demand warrant. Concertone, on the other hand, plans—as I understand it—to begin forthrightly with high-grade "classical" music, using West Coast artists and material not available in disc form.

Both libraries will offer tapes in alternative speeds, 7½ and 3¾ inches per second, single or double track, prices varying accordingly; the cheapest AV tape this fall, 3¾ inches double track, will cost somewhat more than the equivalent in LP disc. At 7½ inches these Ampex-made tapes will rate easily as high fidelity; given good playing equipment they'll compete with top quality LP, will be scratchless and clickless for hundreds of plays. The slower speed will be as good but with more limited tonal range. I've heard samples of AV's tape and can report excellent quality and steadiness, even at the slowest speed. Concertape is not yet forthcoming for trial, but should meet these same standards.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

AUGUST RELEASES

MARTINU:
SERENADE
PARTITA (SUITE I) FOR STRING ORCHESTRA
Winterthur Symphony Orchestra
Conducted by Henry Swoboda
CONCERTO FOR STRING QUARTET AND ORCHESTRA
Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet
Vienna State Opera Orchestra
Conducted by Henry Swoboda
WL 5079

JOSEF HAYDN:
DIVERTIMENTO, C MAJOR (1792)
FOUR MARCHES

M. HAYDN:
DIVERTIMENTO IN C MAJOR

BOCCHERINI:
FLUTE QUINTET, E FLAT MAJOR
London Baroque Ensemble
Conducted by Karl Haas
WL 5080

BRAHMS:
"GESANG DER PARZEN" VON GOETHE FOR SIX PART CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA, OP. 89
"NANIE" VON SCHILLER FOR CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA, OP. 82

RICHARD STRAUSS:
"WANDERER'S STURMLIED" VON GOETHE FOR SIX PART CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA, OP. 14
Vienna Symphony Orchestra
Vienna Kammerchor
Conducted by Henry Swoboda
WL 5081

MOZART:
SONATA, F MAJOR, K. 497
SONATA, C MAJOR K. 521
FOR FOUR HAND PIANO
Paul Badura-Skoda
Joerg Demus
WL 5082

BRAHMS:
STRING QUARTET, C MINOR, OP. 51, NO. 1

SCHUBERT:
QUARTETSATZ, C MINOR
Amadeus String Quartet
WL 5084

All 12" Long Playing 33-1/3 RPM—$5.95

For Complete Catalog Ask Your Dealer or Write to

Westminster
LONG PLAYING RECORDS
233 WEST 42ND STREET NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

You have never heard
a "live" orchestra in your living room
Unless you have listened to a...

CHILDS MADE-TO-ORDER SOUND SYSTEM
Phone for an eye-opening demonstration.
No obligation—No salestalk.
ULRIC J. CHILDS *Audio Engineer*
TRafalgar 9-8290
1601 First Ave. (cor. 83rd St.) N.Y. 28, N.Y.

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Mozart Miscellany

OUR INTEREST was piqued two months ago by an Allegro disc of assorted Mozartiana as rendered on a Stein fortepiano, but the severe deficiencies of this issue (a "tired" old instrument, a thumping style of interpretation) dulled the fascination of apprehending Mozart on his own instrumental soil. Much more enthusiasm can be directed to a similar venture in which Ralph Kirkpatrick plays a modern reproduction, built by John Challis, of the piano prevalent during Mozart's later years. This instrument is a gem, sweet-toned and fresh, with a clipped, bell-like sonority that bestows luminous clarity to scale passages. What is more, Kirkpatrick plays it musically, not musicologically. With the Dumbarton Oaks Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Alexander Schneider, he has recorded the Piano Concerto in G (K. 453) in an interpretation notable for its restrained tempos (Haydn Society LP 1040, $5.95). From every standpoint—solo artistry, orchestral excellence, quality of reproduction—this disc is way above average. One hopes it will be the first of several, with the "Coronation" Concerto (K. 503) noted for early attention. Filling out the overside is the Violin Concerto in D (K. 218), performed with dash and vigor by Schneider, who doubles here as violinist and conductor.

That exceptional young Viennese pianist Paul Badura-Skoda is soloist in two concertos in E flat (K. 449 and K. 482), with accompaniments provided by the Vienna Symphony under Jonathan Sternberg (Oceanic LP 22, $5.95). In this pairing the Köchel numbers are no guide to musical interest, for the earlier work says considerably more to our ears than the ingeniously contrived *galanterie* of K. 482. The bane of modern Mozart playing resides in too-rapid tempos, and Badura-Skoda is not exempt from this widespread failing. However, one must be more of a perfectionist than I to withhold approval from a performance that is on the whole so tastefully conceived and dextrously executed.

Backing an LP dubbing of Ansermet's well-regarded recording of the "Prague" Symphony is the early G minor Symphony (K. 183), played by the London Philharmonic under Sergiu Celibidache (London LP 88, $5.95). This Rumanian conductor has his eyes fixed rather too firmly on later G minor connotations, imbuing Mozart's 1773 opus with a heavy intensity that is, to say the least, questionable. Better styled by far are the buoyant executions, on another London (LP 389, 5.95), of the Symphonies 28 and 34, both in C major, by Peter Maag and l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.

One would be hard put to choose between two excellent chamber versions of "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" were it not for reverse sides of markedly varying merit. Karl Münchinger conducting the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra (London LP 385, $4.95) and Eugen Jochum conducting the Bavarian Radio Chamber Orchestra (Decca LP 9513, $5.85) both offer virile, tasteful conceptions of the K. 525 Serenade. However, the former is backed with a first recording of the Divertimento in D (K. 136) engagingly directed by Münchinger, while the Decca is coupled to a mediocre duplication of the "Haffner" Symphony by Von Karajan and the EIAR Symphony Orchestra. As the London is also cheaper, it clearly has the preponderance of favor. —R. G.

The First ffrr Classical Works Recorded in America

SCHUBERT
SYMPHONY No. 3 IN D MAJOR
J. C. BACH
SINFONIA IN E FLAT MAJOR FOR DOUBLE ORCHESTRA
THE CINCINNATI SYMPHONY ORCH.
conducted by
THOR JOHNSON
LLP-405 $5.95

BERLIOZ
NUITS D'ETE (Opus 7)
Song Cycle
Contents: Villanelle - Le Spectre de la Rose - Sur les Lagunes - L'Absence - Au Cimetiere - L'Ile Inconnue.
SUZANNE DANCO, soprano
with
THE CINCINNATI SYMPHONY ORCH.
conducted by
THOR JOHNSON
LLP-407 $5.95

ALFVEN
MIDSOMMARVAKA
(Midsummer Vigil—Swedish Rhapsody)
GRIEG
SIGURD JORSALFAR
Orchestral Suite
THE CINCINNATI SYMPHONY ORCH.
conducted by
THOR JOHNSON
LLP-406 $5.95

London ffrr RECORDS

* from "Bach-Gesellsch." † from "Urtext" ed.
Pocket-sized, **Low-Priced** Editions
BACH* Well-Temp. Clavier, 2 vols., each ..... .98
BEETHOVEN† Violin Sonatas, 2 vols., each ..... .98
& MANY OTHERS. **WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG**
Order From Your Dealer, or Direct From
LEA POCKET SCORES Dept. A, Box 138 New York 32, N. Y.

TURNTABLE TALK WITH ARTHUR HADDY

(Continued from page 36)

about it by using an oscilloscope and measuring the sound waves down to the last flicker. But with a keen ear like Olof's to check we have worked out ways of sizing up a hall with just a stop watch. You locate the dead spots or the over-live ones by speaking or making a sound while moving around from one point to another. Then you arrange the players and microphones accordingly. Then too," and he smiled invisibly, "you develop a sixth sense which tells you whether or not a hall is right when you walk into it. Even a footfall on the floor can give you a right good idea of how music will sound. Come with me," he suggested, leading the way into a better than fair-sized studio which Decca uses for recording dance bands, vocalists, chamber-music ensembles, etc.

We entered a dome-ceilinged room, forty-five feet wide by sixty feet long and some thirty-five feet high. "This structure was originally the meeting hall of West Hampstead. It was a grimy old place, but good for sound. During the war it got a landmine and the roof caved in. When we came to rebuilding I begged the architects to leave the original floor. They fought it, but finally gave in." "Listen," and he tapped his foot on the floor. "Pitch pine. Hear how warm, even, and resonant the vibrations are?" I mimicked his action and found it unquestionably so.

"Now come over here," he said, walking to a platform at one end of the studio. "We had to use oak for this, because pitch pine wasn't available when we were rebuilding. Listen." And he tapped again. The sound was unmistakably higher, drier, and less resonant. "It doesn't matter here, because we don't use this stage for recording. But in a hall it could be disastrous. After all, if you make a violin, you use maple or one of the other resonant woods which vibrate freely. The same basic theory applies to a proper place for recording. When we first went over to Paris we tried out the Théâtre de Champs-Elysées, which everybody was using. I didn't like it, and went around looking for another spot. When I found the Maison de Mutualité, with a lot of good wood in it, our French affiliate was appalled. I didn't know it then, but they wired over to London suggesting that the whole thing be called off. Now everybody wants to use it."

Time had come for a bit of summing up and Haddy provided it without urging. "There's always been a race between recording technique and reproduction in the home. We think that reproduction in the home, good as it is now with the right equipment, is damned certain to improve . . . pickups, amplifiers, speakers . . . all along the line. We're trying to build a catalogue of recording that will stand up ten years from now."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Opera from Italy

SIR: Do you know whether complete LP recordings, domestic or foreign, of Verdi's "Il Trovatore" and "Un Ballo in Maschera" will be available sometime this year. I look in vain each month in the LP catalogues for them.

W. HOWARD JOHNSON.

Techny, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As far as "Il Trovatore" is concerned, Mr. Johnson need not look in vain much longer. Cetra-Soria is issuing a complete recording in late October, with Giacomo Lauri-Volpi as Manrico and Caterina Mancini as Leonora. There is no "Ballo in Maschera" presently planned, although RCA Victor might be persuaded to bring out the wartime Gigli-Caniglia-Bechi waxing on LP. While on the subject of Italian opera, it may be of interest to some readers to know Cetra's plans for the autumn months. Projected for release between August and November are: "Le Nozze di Figaro," Previtali conducting, with Gabriella Gatti, Alda Noni, Italo Tajo, and Sesto Bruscantini; "Aida," Vittorio Gui conducting, with Caterina Mancini, Giulietta Simionato, and Mario Filippeschi; "Pagliacci," Alfredo Simonetto conducting, with Carla Gavazzi, Carlo Bergonzi (tenor), and Carlo Tagliabue; Giordano's "Fedora," Mario Rossi conducting, with Maria Caniglia and Giacinto Prandelli. As usual, Cetra is also going off the beaten track, with recordings of Verdi's "La Battaglia di Legnano," "Un Giorno de Regno," and "Luisa Miller," Spontini's "La Vestale," and Alessandro Scarlatti's 'Il Trionfo dell' Onore."*

Mozart a la Chopin

SIR: In the summer of last year Vox announced a recording of Chopin's "Variations on 'La ci darem la mano'" (Opus 2). Can you tell me if this was ever issued.

ALLEN BALSBAUGH.

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When Vox announced this issue they planned to use an already existent European recording. However, this turned out to be sub-standard, and it was never put on the market. Vox remains partial to Chopin's Opus 2, nevertheless. A new recording is projected for release this fall. No names of recording personnel are as yet specified.*

The "Domestica" for LP

SIR: I would like to have some recording company issue the "Symphonia Domestica" of Richard Strauss. The unusual length of this work kept it out of the 78-rpm catalogues, but this drawback is nonexistent with LP.

JAMES J. DODD.

Ottawa, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Dodd is mistaken about the 78-rpm attention to Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica." Eugene Ormandy led the Philadelphia Orchestra in a first-class recording of it for RCA Victor, circa 1939, and during the war German HMV issued a second version with Carl Schuricht conducting the La Scala Orchestra. Since both of these are out of print and out of date, we concur enthusiastically with the proposition that the Opus 53 of Strauss be given LP form. Eugene Ormandy and Bruno Walter are both adept interpreters of this music. How about it, Columbia?*

Eliminating Clicks and Crackles

SIR: In your opinion is it advisable to apply on LP records one of the various "coatings" designed to prevent clicks, crackles, and further dust accumulation? On some of my 33-rpm records only a slight amount of clicks are audible, but on others it's more than annoying. If it is more advantageous to apply some form of a protective coating why don't the record companies apply it themselves?

LYMAN SHEPARD, JR.

Forest Park, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our experience has been that the "coatings" substantially reduce the annoyance of crackly records. Moreover, no bad effect on a record's tonal qualities seems to result. Many radio stations regularly use these "coatings," and they are eminently recommendable to any record collector who is bothered by excessive LP surface noise. As for Mr. Shepard's last question, we can't presume to answer for the industry. However, our guess is that the record companies are loath to incur additional expense in a time of steadily rising costs.*

Another Vote for Weingartner

SIR: This reader concurs wholeheartedly with fellow reader Olson's request [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, *SRL* June 30] for an LP of the as yet unsurpassed Weingartner recording of Beethoven's Ninth. In preference, however, to Beethoven's Fourth (long since outperformed by Toscanini) I would choose Weingartner's interpretations of either the First or Eighth. The Liszt A major Concerto is also outdated and no particular credit to this eminent conductor. "Les Preludes" would be a better representation of Liszt-Weingartner collaboration. Also neglected by Mr. Olson: Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and Symphony No. 39, Brahms's Third Symphony, all of which are sterling performances.

JAMES G. GASTANO.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Columbia reports that Weingartner reissues are "under consideration." It seems to be a question now of crossing some technical hurdles.*

A Second Speaker

SIR: C. G. Burke's article "A Second Speaker" [*SRL* Feb. 24] prompted me to buy a Bell "Sound Fountain" to use in conjunction with my regular speaker. I tried this according to Burke's instructions, but regardless of the corner of the room in which I placed my second speaker there was very little improvement to detect. Then in desperation I did what the article advised against: I placed the second speaker "diametrically opposite" the cabinet speaker. With this set-up the results at one place in the room were unbelievable. From this spot the music took on depth and breadth, and the sound expanded wonderfully. True binaural effect, in fact. On a good recording the music is as live as in most concert halls.

The major fault with this two-speaker system is that the projected sound effect is only obtainable when one sits in a relatively small area of the room. To be in another part of the room is much like listening to any other single-speaker system.

After considerable experimenting I have found that acoustical properties of different rooms vary and that it requires considerable experimenting to get a good binaural effect. It is important that the two speakers be properly phased.

ALFRED A. THAL.

Bismarck, N. D.

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or seller's notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out of print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate 30¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FREE—Complete LP catalogue sent on request—prices on all classical records. We pay postage anywhere in U. S. RECORDS BY MAIL, Box 900-H.

RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE offers greatest vocal records from collectors' items to just "good listening." Write or visit 502 East 88 St., NYC. REgent 7-7611.

AMAZING COLLECTION! Every description. Inquiries welcomed. COMMISSION SHOP, 2405—18 St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

VOCAL OPERATIC RECORDS. Send for list. Fine condition—reasonably priced. HEYMAN, 528 East 3rd St., Brooklyn 8, N. Y.

COMPLETE MAIL-ORDER LP SERVICE—same day shipments. Records guaranteed all brand new. Catalogue 15c deductible from first order. DISCOUNT RECORD CLUB, Box 99-B.

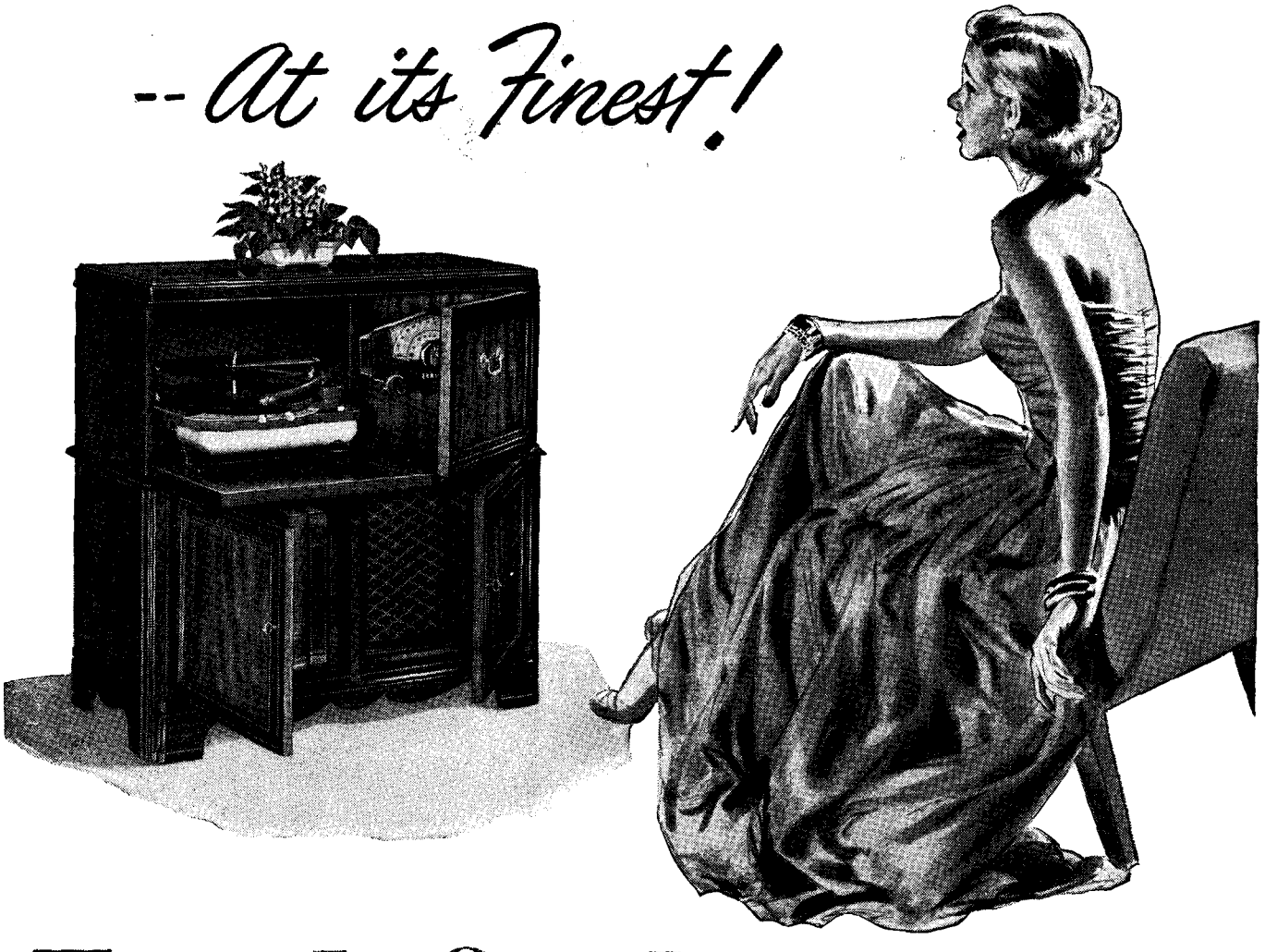
APPRECIATE collectors' folk, modern discs, sending list international favorites. Reciprocate. Box 450-H.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. Hirschmann, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE WORLD OF MUSIC

-- At its Finest!



Zenith Quality

Radios and Radio-Phonographs Alone Bring You Super-Sensitive FM

No finer music outside the concert hall itself—the clear, uninterrupted, static-free music you enjoy on Zenith FM. And now, with Zenith's amazing new Super-Sensitive circuits, your enjoyment of music soars to even greater heights!

Reaching far beyond the usual FM range, powerful Zenith Super-Sensitive FM brings in more stations, more programs. And, with Zenith's larger, finer speaker design brings you a revelation in full, rich glorious tone. New, superior Zenith tuning circuits prevent station drifting or fading. Tune easier . . . and *stay tuned.* No antenna is needed in primary signal areas.

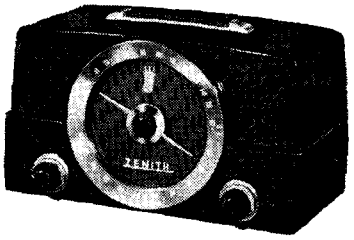
Only in Zenith table radios and striking radio-phonograph combinations can you enjoy *all* the features of this better FM, plus famous Zenith Long-Distance AM reception, too. See them now at your Zenith Radio and Television dealer's.

World's Finest Record Playing, Too!

New Zenith "Cobra-Matic" . . . first and only record player that lets you play every record — all records — at the exact speed at which they were recorded . . . enables you to adjust for perfect pitch, tempo and tone quality. Lets you play not only 33⅓, 45 and 78 R.P.M. but all intermediate speeds between 10 and 85, including the coming new 16 R.P.M. Your insurance for the future of record playing. Yours *only* in Zenith radio-phonographs!

Above, New Zenith "Tudor" with exclusive Cobra-Matic® record-player, Super-Sensitive FM, Long-Distance AM radio, Radiorgan® Tone Control. Beautiful period cabinet, rich Mahogany veneers.

• • •



New Zenith "Super-Symphony." Super-Sensitive FM. Long-Distance® AM. Most sensational tone and reception ever in a Zenith table radio. New-type Broad Range Tone Control. Walnut plastic cabinet.

©1951

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO and TELEVISION
THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois • *Over 30 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics® Exclusively*
Also Makers of Fine Hearing Aids

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED